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Little Masterpieces of Autobiography

REVISED EDITION

EDITED BY
GEORGE ILES

VOLUME II

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GENERAL ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

[" Ulysses S. Grant, his life and character," by Hamlin Garland, a capital biography, fully illustrated, is published by the S. S. McClure Co., New York. Regarding Grant as a commander Mr. Garland says· " His most marked characteristics were measureless persistence swift and unhesitant action, calm mastery of details, considerateness in the treatment of subordinates, courage to assume responsibility, and beyond and perhaps above all, the capacity to do, in the heat and tumult of war, things so conspicuously right that when the battle is ended they seem to have been inspired by miraculous common sense."

The Personal Memoirs of Ulysses Simpson Grant, copyrighted by him, in two volumes, were originally published in 1885. By permission of the Century Company, who now own the copyright, the following pages appear.]

Boyhood

In June, 1821, my father, Jesse R. Grant, married Hannah Simpson. I was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio. In the fall of 1823 we moved to Georgetown, the county seat of Brown, the adjoining county east. This place remained my home, until at the age of seventeen, in 1839, I went to West Point.

The schools, at the time of which I write, were very indifferent. There were no free schools, and none in which the scholars were classified. They were all supported by subscription, and a single teacher — who was often a man or a woman incapable of teaching much,

even if they imparted all they knew — would have thirty or forty scholars, male and female, from the infant learning the A B C's up to the young lady of eighteen and the boy of twenty, studying the highest branches taught — the three R's, "Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic." I never saw an algebra, or other mathematical work higher than the arithmetic, in Georgetown, until after I was appointed to West Point. I then bought a work on algebra in Cincinnati; but having no teacher it was Greek to me.

My life in Georgetown was uneventful. From the age of five or six until seventeen, I attended the subscription schools of the village, except during the winters of 1836–37 and 1838–39. The former period was spent in Maysville, Kentucky, attending the school of Richardson and Rand; the latter in Ripley, Ohio, at a private school. I was not studious in habit, and probably did not make progress enough to compensate for the outlay for board and tuition. At all events both winters were spent in going over the same old arithmetic which I knew every word of before, and repeating: "A noun is the name of a thing," which I had also heard my Georgetown teachers repeat, until I had come to believe it — but I cast no reflections upon my old teacher, Richardson. He turned out bright scholars from his school, many of whom have filled conspicuous places in the service of their states. Two of my contemporaries there —

who, I believe, never attended any other institution of learning — have held seats in Congress, and one, if not both, other high offices; these are Wadsworth and Brewster.

My father was, from my earliest recollection, in comfortable circumstances, considering the times, his place of residence, and the community in which he lived. Mindful of his own lack of facilities for acquiring an education, his greatest desire in maturer years was for the education of his children. Consequently, as stated before, I never missed a quarter from school from the time I was old enough to attend till the time of leaving home. This did not exempt me from labour. In my early days, every one laboured more or less, in the region where my youth was spent, and more in proportion to their private means. It was only the very poor who were exempt. While my father carried on the manufacture of leather and worked at the trade himself, he owned and tilled considerable land. I detested the trade, preferring almost any other labour; but I was fond of agriculture, and of all employment in which horses were used. We had, among other lands, fifty acres of forest within a mile of the village. In the fall of the year choppers were employed to cut enough wood to last a twelvemonth. When I was seven or eight years of age, I began hauling all the wood used in the house and shops. I could not load it on the wagons, of course, at that time, but I could drive, and the choppers would load

and some one at the house unload. When about eleven years old, I was strong enough to hold a plough. From that age until seventeen I did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, ploughing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, etc., while still attending school. For this I was compensated by the fact that there was never any scolding or punishing by my parents; no objection to rational enjoyments, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer, taking a horse and visiting my grandparents in the adjoining county fifteen miles off, skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground.

A HORSE TRADE

Chilton White, a schoolmate, is reported as having told of an early horse-trade of mine. As he told the story, there was a Mr. Ralston living within a few miles of the village, who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but Ralston wanted twenty-five. I was so anxious to have the colt that after the owner left, I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price; if it was not accepted I was

to offer twenty-two and a half, and if that would not get him, to give the twenty-five. I at once mounted a horse and went for the colt. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house, I said to him: "Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that, to give you twenty-five." It would not require a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon. This story is nearly true. I certainly showed very plainly that I had come for the colt and meant to have him. I could not have been over eight years old at the time. This transaction caused me great heart-burning. The story got out among the boys of the village, and it was a long time before I heard the last of it. Boys enjoy the misery of their companions, at least village boys in that day did, and in later life I have found that all adults are not free from the peculiarity. I kept the horse until he was four years old, when he went blind, and I sold him for twenty dollars. When I went to Maysville to school, in 1836, at the age of fourteen, I recognised my colt as one of the blind horses working on the tread-wheel of the ferry-boat.

The Mexican War

How Grant felt before fighting began

While General Taylor was away with the bulk of his army, the little garrison up the river was

besieged. As we lay in our tents upon the sea-shore, the artillery at the fort on the Rio Grande could be distinctly heard.

The war had begun.

There were no possible means of obtaining news from the garrison, and information from outside could not be otherwise than unfavourable. What General Taylor's feelings were during this suspense I do not know, but for myself, a young second-lieutenant who had never heard a hostile gun before, I felt sorry that I had enlisted. A great many men, when they smell battle afar off, chafe to get into the fray. When they say so themselves they generally fail to convince their hearers that they are as anxious as they would like to make believe, and as they approach danger they become more subdued. This rule is not universal, for I have known a few men who were always aching for a fight when there was no enemy near, who were as good as their word when the battle did come. But the number of such men is small.

Military Acquaintances North and South

My experience in the Mexican war was of great advantage to me afterward. Besides the many practical lessons it taught, the war brought nearly all the officers of the regular army together so as to make them personally acquainted. It also brought them in contact with volunteers, many of whom served in the War of the Rebellion afterward. Then, in my

particular case, I had been at West Point at about the right time to meet most of the graduates who were of a suitable age at the breaking out of the rebellion to be trusted with large commands. Graduating in 1843, I was at the military academy from one to four years with all cadets who graduated between 1840 and 1846 — seven classes. These classes embraced more than fifty officers who afterward became generals on one side or the other in the rebellion, many of them holding high commands. All the older officers, who became conspicuous in the rebellion, I had also served with and known in Mexico: Lee, J. E. Johnston, A. S. Johnston, Holmes, Herbért, and a number of others on the Confederate side; McOall, Mansfield, Phil. Kearney, and others on the National side. The acquaintance thus formed was of immense service to me in the War of the Rebellion — I mean what I learned of the characters of those to whom I was afterward opposed. I do not pretend to say that all movements, or even many of them, were made with special reference to the characteristics of the commander against whom they were directed. But my appreciation of my enemies was certainly affected by this knowledge. The natural disposition of most people is to clothe a commander of a large army whom they do not know, with almost superhuman abilities. A large part of the National army, for instance, and most of the press of the country, clothed General Lee with just such

qualities, but I had known him personally, and knew that he was mortal; and it was just as well that I felt this.

Outbreak of the Rebellion

Presiding at a Union Meeting — Mustering Officer of State Troops

The 4th of March, 1861, came, and Abraham Lincoln was sworn to maintain the Union against all its enemies. The secession of one state after another followed, until eleven had gone out. On the 11th of April Fort Sumter, a National fort in the harbour of Charleston, South Carolina, was fired upon by the Southerners and a few days after was captured. The Confederates proclaimed themselves aliens, and thereby debarred themselves of all right to claim protection under the Constitution of the United States. We did not admit the fact that they were aliens, but all the same, they debarred themselves of the right to expect better treatment than people of any other foreign state who make war upon an independent nation. Upon the firing on Sumter President Lincoln issued his first call for troops and soon after a proclamation convening Congress in extra session. The call was for 75,000 volunteers for ninety days' service. If the shot fired at Fort Sumter "was heard around the world," the call of the President for 75,000 men was heard

throughout the Northern states. There was not a state in the North of a million of inhabitants that would not have furnished the entire number faster than arms could have been supplied to them, if it had been necessary.

As soon as the news of the call for volunteers reached Galena posters were stuck up calling for a meeting of the citizens at the court-house in the evening. Business ceased entirely; all was excitement; for a time there were no party distinctions; all were Union men, determined to avenge the insult to the national flag. In the evening the court-house was packed. Although a comparative stranger I was called upon to preside; the sole reason, possibly, was that I had been in the army and had seen service. With much embarrassment and some prompting I made out to announce the object of the meeting. Speeches were in order, but it is doubtful whether it would have been safe just then to make other than patriotic ones. There was probably no one in the house, however, who felt like making any other. The two principal speeches were by B. B. Howard, the postmaster and a Breckinridge Democrat at the November election the fall before, and John A. Rawlins, an elector on the Douglas ticket. E. B. Washburne, with whom I was not acquainted at that time, came in after the meeting had been organised and expressed, I understood afterward, a little surprise that Galena could not furnish a presiding officer for such an occasion without

taking a stranger. He came forward and was introduced, and made a speech appealing to the patriotism of the meeting.

After the speaking was over volunteers were called for to form a company. The quota of Illinois had been fixed at six regiments; and it was supposed that one company would be as much as would be accepted from Galena. The company was raised and the officers and non commissioned officers elected before the meeting adjourned. I declined the captaincy before the balloting, but announced that I would aid the company in every way I could and would be found in the service in some position if there should be a war. I never went into our leather store after that meeting, to put up a package or do other business.

Takes Command of the 21st Regiment

When I left Galena for the last time to take command of the 21st regiment I took with me my oldest son, Frederick D. Grant, then a lad of eleven years of age. On receiving the order to take rail for Quincy I wrote to Mrs. Grant, to relieve what I supposed would be her great anxiety for one so young going into danger that I would send Fred home from Quincy by river. I received a prompt letter in reply decidedly disapproving my proposition, and urging that the lad should be allowed to accompany me. It came too late. Fred was already on his way up the Mississippi bound for

Dubuque, Iowa, from which place there was a railroad to Galena.

My sensations as we approached what I supposed might be "a field of battle" were anything but agreeable. I had been in all the engagements in Mexico that it was possible for one person to be in; but not in command. If some one else had been colonel and I had been lieutenant-colonel I do not think I would have felt any trepidation. Before we were prepared to cross the Mississippi River at Quincy my anxiety was relieved; for the men of the besieged regiment came straggling into town. I am inclined to think both sides got frightened and ran away.

Fear Afflicts Both Sides in War

I received orders to move against Colonel Thomas Harris, who was said to be encamped at the little town of Florida, Missouri, some twenty-five miles south of where we then were.

As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we could see Harris's camp, and possibly find his men ready formed to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher until it felt to me as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything then to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt and consider what to do; I kept right on. When we reached a point from which the valley below was in full view I halted. The place where Harris had been encamped a few days before was still there and the marks of a recent encamp-

ment were plainly visible, but the troops were gone. My heart resumed its place. It occurred to me at once that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. This was a view of the question I had never taken before; but it was one I never forgot afterward. From that event to the close of the war, I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety. I never forgot that he had as much reason to fear my forces as I had his. The lesson was valuable.

Suffering Himself, He Sympathises With Others in Pain

During the night [after the first day's fight at Shiloh] rain fell in torrents and our troops were exposed to the storm without shelter. I made my headquarters under a tree a few hundred yards back from the river bank. My ankle was so much swollen from the fall of my horse the Friday night preceding, and the bruise was so painful, that I could get no rest. The drenching rain would have precluded the possibility of sleep without this additional cause. Some time after midnight, growing restive under the storm and the continuous pain, I moved back to the log-house under the bank. This had been taken as a hospital, and all night wounded men were being brought in, their wounds dressed, a leg or an arm amputated

as the case might require, and everything being done to save life or alleviate suffering. The sight was more unendurable than encountering the enemy's fire, and I returned to my tree in the rain.

Never Sought Office

Every one has his superstitions. One of mine is that in positions of great responsibility every one should do his duty to the best of his ability where assigned by competent authority, without application or the use of influence to change his position. While at Cairo I had watched with very great interest the operations of the Army of the Potomac, looking upon that as the main field of the war. I had no idea, myself, of ever having any large command, nor did I suppose that I was equal to one; but I had the vanity to think that as a cavalry officer I might succeed very well in the command of a brigade. On one occasion, in talking about this to my staff officers, all of whom were civilians without any military education whatever, I said that I would give anything if I were commanding a brigade of cavalry in the Army of the Potomac and I believed I could do some good. Captain Hillyer spoke up and suggested that I make application to be transferred there to command the cavalry. I then told him that I would cut my right arm off first, and mentioned this superstition.

In time of war the President, being by the Constitution Commander-in-Chief of the Army

and Navy, is responsible for the selection of commanders. He should not be embarrassed in making his selections. I having been selected, my responsibility ended with my doing the best I knew how. If I had sought the place, or obtained it through personal or political influence, my belief is that I would have feared to undertake any plan of my own conception, and would probably have awaited direct orders from my distant superiors. Persons obtaining important commands by application or political influence are apt to keep a written record of complaints and predictions of defeat, which are shown in case of disaster. Somebody must be responsible for their failures.

The South and Slavery

There was no time during the rebellion when I did not think, and often say, that the South was more to be benefited by its defeat than the North. The latter had the people, the institutions, and the territory to make a great and prosperous nation. The former was burdened with an institution abhorrent to all civilised people not brought up under it, and one which degraded labour, kept it in ignorance, and enervated the governing class. With the outside world at war with this institution, they could not have extended their territory. The labour of the country was not skilled, nor allowed to become so. The whites could not toil without becoming degraded, and those who

did were denominated "poor white trash." The system of labour would have soon exhausted the soil and left the people poor. The non-slaveholders would have left the country, and the small slaveholder must have sold out to his more fortunate neighbour. Soon the slaves would have outnumbered the masters, and, not being in sympathy with them, would have risen in their might and exterminated them. The war was expensive to the South as well as to the North, both in blood and treasure, but it was worth all it cost.

Commissioned as Lieutenant-General by President Lincoln

The bill restoring the grade of lieutenant-general of the army had passed through Congress and became a law on the 26th of February, 1864. My nomination had been sent to the Senate on the 1st of March and confirmed the next day (the 2nd). I was ordered to Washington on the 3rd to receive my commission, and started the day following that. The commission was handed to me on the 9th. It was delivered to me at the Executive Mansion by President Lincoln in the presence of his Cabinet, my eldest son, those of my staff who were with me, and a few other visitors.

The President in presenting my commission read from a paper — stating, however, as a preliminary, and prior to the delivery of it, that he had drawn that up on paper, knowing my

disinclination to speak in public, and handed me a copy in advance so that I might prepare a few lines of reply. The President said:

"General Grant, the nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done in the existing great struggle, are now presented, with this commission constituting you lieutenant-general in the Army of the United States. With this high honour devolves upon you, also, a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add, that, with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

To this I replied: "Mr. President, I accept the commission, with gratitude for the high honour conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavour not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me; and I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and above all, to the favour of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

First Interview with President Lincoln

Although hailing from Illinois myself, the state of the President, I never met Mr. Lincoln until called to the capital to receive my commission as lieutenant-general. I knew him

however, very well and favourably from the accounts given by officers under me at the West who had known him all their lives. I had also read the remarkable series of debates between Lincoln and Douglas a few years before, when they were rival candidates for the United States Senate. I was then a resident of Missouri, and by no means a "Lincoln man" in that contest; but I recognised then his great ability.

In my first interview with Mr. Lincoln alone he stated to me that he had never professed to be a military man or to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them: but that procrastination on the part of commanders, and the pressure from the people at the North and Congress, *which was always with him*, forced him into issuing his series of "Military Orders"— one, two, three, etc. He did not know but they were all wrong, and did know that some of them were. All he wanted or had ever wanted was some one who would take the responsibility and act, and call on him for all the assistance needed, pledging himself to use all the power of the Government in rendering such assistance. Assuring him that I would do the best I could with the means at hand, and avoid as far as possible annoying him or the War Department, our first interview ended.

Lee's Surrender

On April 8th I had followed the Army of the Potomac in rear of Lee. I was suffering very

severely with a sick headache, and stopped at a farmhouse on the road some distance in rear of the main body of the army. I spent the night in bathing my feet in hot water and mustard, and putting mustard plasters on my wrists and the back part of my neck, hoping to be cured by morning. During the night I received Lee's answer to my letter of the 8th, inviting an interview between the lines on the following morning. But it was for a different purpose from that of surrendering his army, and I answered him as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.
April 9, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. A.

Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 A.M. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, etc.,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

I proceeded at an early hour in the morning, still suffering with the headache, to get to the head of the column. I was not more than two or three miles from Appomattox Court House at the time, but to go direct I would have to pass through Lee's army, or a portion of it. I had therefore to move south in order to get upon a road coming up from another direction.

When the white flag of truce was put out by General Lee, I was in this way moving towards Appomattox Court House, and consequently could not be communicated with immediately, and be informed of what Lee had done. Lee, therefore, sent a flag to the rear to advise Meade and one to the front to Sheridan saying that he had sent a message to me for the purpose of having a meeting to consult about the surrender of his army, and asked for a suspension of hostilities until I could be communicated with. As they had heard nothing of this until the fighting had got to be severe and all going against Lee, both of these commanders hesitated very considerably about suspending hostilities at all. They were afraid it was not in good faith, and we had the Army of Northern Virginia where it could not escape except by some deception. They, however, finally consented to a suspension of hostilities for two hours to give an opportunity of communicating with me in that time, if possible. It was found that, from the route I had taken, they would probably not be able to communicate

with me and get an answer back within the time fixed unless the messenger should pass through the rebel lines.

Lee, therefore, sent an escort with the officer bearing this message through his lines to me.

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL:

I received your note of this morning on the picket line whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

R. E. LEE,
General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,
Commanding U. S. Armies.

When the officer reached me I was still suffering with the sick headache; but the instant I saw the contents of the note I was cured. I wrote the following note in reply and hastened on:

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. Armies.

Your note of this date is but this moment (11.50 A.M.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road.

I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

I was conducted at once to where Sheridan was located with his troops drawn up in line of battle facing the Confederate army near by. They were very much excited, and expressed their view that this was all a ruse employed to enable the Confederates to get away. They said they believed that Johnston was marching up from North Carolina now, and Lee was moving to join him; and they would whip the rebels where they now were in five minutes if I would only let them go in. But I had no doubt about the good faith of Lee, and pretty soon was conducted to where he was. I found him at the house of a Mr. McLean, at Appomattox Court House, with Colonel Marshall, one of his staff officers, awaiting my arrival. The head of his column was occupying a hill, on a portion of which was an apple orchard, beyond a little valley which separated it from that on the crest of which Sheridan's forces were drawn up in line of battle to the south.

Before stating what took place between General Lee and myself, I will give all there is of the story of the famous apple tree.

Wars produce many stories of fiction, some of which are told until they are believed to be true. The War of the Rebellion was no exception to this rule, and the story of the apple tree is one of those fictions based on a slight foundation of fact. As I have said, there was an apple orchard on the side of the hill occupied by the Confederate forces. Running diagonally up the hill was a wagon road, which, at one point, ran very near one of the trees, so that the wheels of vehicles had, on that side, cut off the roots of this tree, leaving a little embankment. General Babcock, of my staff, reported to me that when he first met General Lee he was sitting upon this embankment with his feet in the road below and his back resting against the tree. The story had no other foundation than that. Like many other stories it would be very good if it was only true.

I had known General Lee in the old army, and had served with him in the Mexican War; but did not suppose, owing to the difference in our age and rank, that he would remember me; while I would more naturally remember him distinctly, because he was the chief of staff of General Scott in the Mexican War.

When I had left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder straps of

my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us.

General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough travelling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieu-

tenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward.

We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter.

Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I proposed to give his army ought to be written out. I

called to General Parker, secretary on my staff, for writing materials, and commenced writing out the following terms:

APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.,
April 9th, 1865.

GEN. R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. A.

GENERAL: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of N. Va. on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate. One copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside. Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side arms.

No conversation, not one word, passed between General Lee and myself, either about private property, side arms, or kindred subjects. He appeared to have no objections to the terms first proposed; or if he had a point to make against them he wished to wait until they were in writing to make it. When he read over that part of the terms about side arms, horses, and private property of the officers, he remarked, with some feeling, I thought, that this would have a happy effect upon his army.

Then, after a little further conversation, General Lee remarked to me again that their army was organised a little differently from the army of the United States (still maintaining by implication that we were two countries); that in their army the cavalrymen and artillerists owned their own horses; and he asked if he was to understand that the men who so owned their horses were to be permitted to retain them.

I told him that as the terms were written they would not; that only the officers were permitted to take their private property. He then, after reading over the terms a second time, remarked that that was clear.

I then said to him that I thought this would be about the last battle of the war — I sincerely hoped so; and I said further I took it that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them and I would, therefore, instruct the officers I left behind to receive the paroles of his troops to let every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect.

He then sat down and wrote out the following letter:

Headquarters Army of
Northern Virginia
April 9, 1865.

General: I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the

proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. Lee,
Lieut.-General U. S. Grant. General.

While duplicates of the two letters were being made, the Union generals present were severally presented to General Lee.

The much talked of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back, this and much more that has been said about it is the purest romance. The word sword or side arms was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it, and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put it in the terms precisely as I acceded to the provision about the soldiers retaining their horses.

General Lee, after all was completed and before taking his leave, remarked that his army was in a very bad condition for want of food, and that they were without forage; that his men had been living some days on parched corn exclusively, and that he would have to ask me for rations and forage. I told him "certainly," and asked for how many men he wanted rations. His answer was "about twenty-five thousand," and I authorised him to send his own commissary and quartermaster to Appomattox Station, two or three miles away where

he could have, out of the trains we had stopped, all the provisions wanted. As for forage, we had ourselves depended almost entirely upon the country for that.

Generals Gibbon, Griffin, and Merritt were designated by me to carry into effect the paroling of Lee's troops before they should start for their homes—General Lee leaving Generals Longstreet, Gordon, and Pendleton for them to confer with in order to facilitate this work. Lee and I then separated as cordially as we had met, he returning to his own lines, and all went into bivouac for the night. . .

Soon after Lee's departure I telegraphed to Washington as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.
April 9th, 1865, 4.30 P. M.

HON E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War, Washington.

General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the conditions fully.

U. S. GRANT
Lieutenant-General

When news of the surrender first reached our lines our men commenced firing a salute of a hundred guns in honour of the victory. I at once sent word, however, to have it stopped. The Confederates were now our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall.

CHARLES DARWIN

[Charles Darwin, who more than any other thinker established the theory of evolution, was a man who did honor to human nature. He was not only honest and truthful, he was scrupulous in a high-minded way. He was sympathetic and courageous, generous and just. His goodness was of the rare kind that is lovable. Through many years of ill health he prosecuted his tasks with a persistence seldom displayed by students in full vigor of body. His character shines out in his Autobiography, laid under contribution in the pages which follow. It was written in his fifty-ninth year, and forms part of the first volume of his "Life and Letters" edited by his son Francis Darwin. In succession to that work "More Letters of Charles Darwin" were published in two volumes in 1905. These books, and all the works of Charles Darwin, are published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The excerpts printed in the following pages are of unusual interest at this time, when Evolution has become a religious, an educational, and even a political issue. The famous Scopes trial in Tennessee, in which Clarence Darrow and the late William Jennings Bryan faced each other in a dramatic battle over the right of the public schools to teach evolution, helped to focus the attention of the entire world on Darwin and his works.

Darwin's discovery of the law of natural selection was made public in 1858. That law, strange to say, was independently discovered by Alfred Russel Wallace. Both naturalists presented their outlines of the theory at the same meeting of the Linnaean Society of London. In 1870, in his book on "Natural Selection," Wallace said: "I have felt all my life the most sincere satisfaction that Mr. Darwin had been at work long before me, and that it was not left for me to attempt to write "The Origin of Species." I have long since measured my own strength, and know well that it would be quite unequal to that task. Far abler men than myself may confess, that they have not that untiring patience in accumulating, and that wonderful skill in using, large masses of facts of the most varied kind . . . that wide and accurate physiological knowledge, that acuteness in devising and carrying out experiments—and that admirable style of composition, at once clear, persuasive, and judicial—qualities which in their harmonious combination mark out Mr. Darwin as the man, perhaps of all men now living, best fitted for the great work he has undertaken and accomplished.]

Charles Darwin

As a Child

I was born at Shrewsbury on February 12, 1809, and my earliest recollection goes back only to when I was a few months over four years old, when we went to near Abergele, in Wales, for sea-bathing, and I recollect some events and places there with some little distinctness.

My mother died in July, 1817, when I was a little over eight years old, and it is odd that I can remember hardly anything about her except her death-bed, her black velvet gown, and her curiously constructed work-table. In the spring of this same year I was sent to a day-school in Shrewsbury, where I stayed a year. I have been told that I was much slower in learning than my younger sister Catherine, and I believe that I was in many ways a naughty boy.

By the time I went to this day-school my taste for natural history, and more especially for collecting, was well developed. I tried to make out the names of plants, and collected all sorts of things, shells, seals, franks, coins, and minerals. The passion for collecting which leads a man to be a systematic naturalist, a virtuoso, or a miser, was very strong in me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters or brother ever had this taste.

One little event during this year has fixed itself very firmly in my mind, and I hope that it has done so from my conscience having been afterward sorely troubled by it; it is curious as showing that apparently I was interested at this early age in the variability of plants. I told another little boy

(I believe it was Leighton, who afterward became a well-known lichenologist and botanist), that I could produce variously coloured polyanthuses and primroses by watering them with certain coloured fluids, which was of course a monstrous fable, and had never been tried by me. I may here also confess that as a little boy I was much given to inventing deliberate falsehoods, and this was always done for the sake of causing excitement. For instance, I once gathered much valuable fruit from my father's trees and hid it in the shrubbery, and then ran in breathless haste to spread the news that I had discovered a hoard of stolen fruit.

As a Schoolboy

In the summer of 1818 I went to Dr. Butler's great school in Shrewsbury, and remained there for seven years till mid-summer 1825, when I was sixteen years old. I boarded at this school, so that I had the great advantage of living the life of a true schoolboy; but as the distance was hardly more than a mile to my home, I very often ran there in the longer intervals between the callings over and before locking up at night. This, I think, was in many ways advantageous to me by keeping up home affections and interests. I remember in the early part of my school life that I often had to run very quickly to be in time, and from being a fleet runner was generally successful; but when in doubt I prayed earnestly to God to help me, and I well remember that I attributed my success to the

prayers and not to my quick running, and marvelled how generally I was aided.

I have heard my father and elder sister say that I had, as a very young boy, a strong taste for long solitary walks; but what I thought about I know not. I often became quite absorbed, and once, whilst returning to school on the summit of the old fortifications round Shrewsbury, which had been converted into a public foot path with no parapet on one side, I walked off and fell to the ground, but the height was only seven or eight feet. Nevertheless the number of thoughts which passed through my mind during this very short, but sudden and wholly unexpected fall, was astonishing, and seem hardly compatible with what physiologists have, I believe, proved about each thought requiring quite an appreciable amount of time.

Nothing could have been worse for the development of my mind than Dr. Butler's school, as it was strictly classical, nothing else being taught, except a little ancient geography and history. The school as a means of education to me was simply a blank. During my whole life I have been singularly incapable of mastering any language. Especial attention was paid to verse-making, and this I could never do well. I had many friends, and got together a good collection of old verses, which by patching together, sometimes aided by other boys, I could work into any subject. Much attention was paid to learning by heart the lessons of the previous day; this I could effect with great facility, learning forty or fifty lines of Virgil or

Homer whilst I was in morning chapel; but this exercise was utterly useless, for every verse was forgotten in forty-eight hours. I was not idle, and with the exception of versification, generally worked conscientiously at my classics, not using cribs. The sole pleasure I ever received from such studies was from some of the odes of Horace, which I admired greatly.

When I left the school I was for my age neither high nor low in it; and I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification my father once said to me, "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." But my father, who was the kindest man I ever knew and whose memory I love with all my heart, must have been angry and somewhat unjust when he used such words.

Looking back as well as I can at my character during my school life, the only qualities which at this period promised well for the future were, that I had strong and diversified tastes, much zeal for whatever interested me, and a keen pleasure in understanding any complex subject or thing. I was taught Euclid by a private tutor, and I distinctly remember the intense satisfaction which the clear geometrical proofs gave me. I remember, with equal distinctness, the delight which my uncle gave me (the father of Francis Galton) by explaining the principle of the vernier of a barometer.

With respect to diversified tastes, independently of science, I was fond of reading various books, and I used to sit for hours reading the historical plays of Shakespeare, generally in an old window in the thick walls of the school. I read also other poetry, such as Thomson's "Seasons," and the recently published poems of Byron and Scott. I mention this because later in life I wholly lost, to my great regret, all pleasure from poetry of any kind, including Shakespeare. In connection with pleasure from poetry, I may add that in 1822 a vivid delight in scenery was first awakened in my mind, during a riding tour on the borders of Wales, and this has lasted longer than any other æsthetic pleasure.

Early in my school days a boy had a copy of the "Wonders of the World," which I often read, and disputed with other boys about the veracity of some of the statements; and I believe that this book first gave me a wish to travel in remote countries, which was ultimately fulfilled by the voyage of the *Beagle*.

At Edinburgh University

Toward the close of my school life my brother worked hard at chemistry, and made a fair laboratory with proper apparatus in the tool-house in the garden, and I was allowed to aid him as a servant in most of his experiments. He made all the gases and many compounds, and I read with great care several books on chemistry, such as Henry and Parkes's "Chemical Catechism." The subject interested me greatly and we often used

to go on working till rather late at night. This was the best part of my education at school, for it showed me practically the meaning of experimental science. The fact that we worked at chemistry somehow got known at school, and as it was an unprecedented fact, I was nicknamed "Gas." I was also once publicly rebuked by the head-master, Dr. Butler, for thus wasting my time on such useless subjects; and he called me very unjustly a trifler, and it seemed to me a fearful reproach.

As I was doing no good at school, my father wisely took me away at a rather earlier age than usual, and sent me (October, 1825) to Edinburgh University with my brother, where I stayed for two years or sessions. My brother was completing his medical studies, though I do not believe he ever really intended to practise, and I was sent there to commence them. But soon after this period I became convinced from various small circumstances that my father would leave me property enough to subsist on with some comfort, though I never imagined that I should be so rich a man as I am; but my belief was sufficient to check any strenuous efforts to learn medicine.

The instruction at Edinburgh was altogether by lectures, and these were intolerably dull, with the exception of those on chemistry by Hope; but to my mind there are no advantages and many disadvantages in lectures compared with reading. Dr. Duncan's lectures on Materia Medica at eight o'clock on a winter's morning are something fear-

ful to remember. Dr. —— made his lectures on human anatomy as dull as he was himself, and the subject disgusted me. It has proved one of the greatest evils in my life that I was not urged to practise dissection, for I should soon have got over my disgust; and the practice would have been invaluable for all my future work. This has been an irremediable evil, as well as my incapacity to draw. I also attended regularly the clinical wards in the hospital. Some of the cases distressed me a good deal, and I still have vivid pictures before me of some of them; but I was not so foolish as to allow this to lessen my attendance. I cannot understand why this part of my medical course did not interest me in a greater degree; for during the summer before coming to Edinburgh I began attending some of the poor people, chiefly children and women in Shrewsbury; I wrote down as full an account as I could of the cases with all the symptoms, and read them aloud to my father, who suggested further inquiries and advised me what medicines to give, which I made up myself. At one time I had at least a dozen patients, and I felt a keen interest in the work. My father, who was by far the best judge of character whom I ever knew, declared that I should make a successful physician—meaning by this one who would get many patients. He maintained that the chief element of success was exciting confidence; but what he saw in me which convinced him that I should create confidence I know not. I also attended on two occasions the operating theatre in

the hospital at Edinburgh, and saw two very bad operations, one on a child, but I rushed away before they were completed. Nor did I ever attend again, for hardly any inducement would have been strong enough to make me do so; this being long before the blessed days of chloroform. The two cases fairly haunted me for many a long year.

My brother stayed only one year at the University, so that during the second year I was left to my own resources; and this was an advantage, for I became well acquainted with several young men fond of natural science. One of these was Ainsworth, who afterward published his travels in Assyria; he was a Wernerian geologist, and knew a little about many subjects. Dr. Coldstream was a very different young man, prim, formal, highly religious, and most kindhearted; he afterward published some good zoölogical articles. A third young man was Hardie, who would, I think, have made a good botanist, but died early in India. Lastly, Dr. Grant, my senior by several years, but how I became acquainted with him I cannot remember; he published some first-rate zoölogical papers, but after coming to London as professor in University College, he did nothing more in science, a fact which has always been inexplicable to me. I knew him well; he was dry and formal in manner, with much enthusiasm beneath this outer crust. He one day, when we were walking together, burst forth in high admiration of Lamarck and his views on evolution. I listened in silent astonishment, and as far as I can

judge without any effect on my mind. I had previously read the "Zoönomia" of my grandfather, Erasmus Darwin; in which similar views are maintained, but without producing any effect on me. Nevertheless, it is probable that the hearing rather early in life such views maintained and praised may have favoured my upholding them under a different form in my "Origin of Species." At this time I admired greatly the "Zoönomia"; but on reading it a second time after an interval of ten or fifteen years, I was much disappointed; the proportion of speculation being so large to the facts given.

At Cambridge University

[After two sesssions at Edinburgh University, Darwin proceeded to Cambridge.]

During the three years which I spent at Cambridge my time was wasted, as far as the academical studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh and at school. I attempted mathematics, and even went during the summer of 1828 with a private tutor (a very dull man) to Barmouth, but I got on very slowly. The work was repugnant to me, chiefly from my not being able to see any meaning in the early steps in algebra. This impatience was very foolish, and in after years I have deeply regretted that I did not proceed far enough at least to understand something of the great leading principles of mathematics, for men thus endowed seem to have an extra sense. But I do not believe that I should ever have suc-

ceeded beyond a very low grade. With respect to Classics I did nothing except attend a few compulsory college lectures, and the attendance was almost nominal. In my second year I had to work for a month or two to pass the preliminary examination, which I did easily. Again, in my last year I worked with some earnestness for my final degree of B. A., and brushed up my Classics, together with a little Algebra and Euclid, which latter gave me much pleasure, as it did at school. In order to pass the B. A. examination, it was also necessary to get up Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," and his "Moral Philosophy." This was done in a thorough manner, and I am convinced that I could have written out the whole of the "Evidences" with perfect correctness, but not of course in the clear language of Paley. The logic of this book and, as I may add, of this "Natural Theology," gave me as much delight as did Euclid. The careful study of these works, without attempting to learn any part by rote, was the only part of the academical course which, as I then felt and as I still believe, was of the least use to me in the education of my mind. I did not at that time trouble myself about Paley's premises; and taking these on trust, I was charmed and convinced by the long line of argumentation. By answering well the examination questions in Paley, by doing Euclid well, and by not failing miserably in Classics, I gained a good place among the crowd of men who do not go in for honours. Oddly enough, I cannot remember how high I stood, and my memory

fluctuates between the fifth, tenth, or twelfth name on the list. (He was tenth.)

Public lectures on several branches were given in the University, attendance being quite voluntary; but I was so sickened with lectures at Edinburgh that I did not even attend Sedgwick's eloquent and interesting lectures. Had I done so I should probably have become a geologist earlier than I did. I attended, however, Henslow's lectures on Botany, and liked them much for their extreme clearness, and the admirable illustrations; but I did not study botany. Henslow used to take his pupils, including several of the older members of the University, field excursions, on foot or in coaches, to distant places, or in a barge down the river, and lectured on the rarer plants and animals which were observed. These excursions were delightful.

His Zeal as a Collector

But no pursuit at Cambridge was followed with nearly so much eagerness or gave me so much pleasure as collecting beetles. It was the mere passion for collecting, for I did not dissect them, and rarely compared their external characters with published descriptions, but got them named anyhow. I will give a proof of my zeal: One day, on tearing off some old bark, I saw two rare beetles, and seized one in each hand; then I saw a third and new kind, which I could not bear to lose, so that I popped the one which I held in my right hand into my mouth. Alas! it ejected some intensely acrid fluid, which burnt my tongue so

that I was forced to spit the beetle out, which was lost, as was the third one.

I was very successful in collecting, and invented two new methods. I employed a labourer to scrape, during the winter, moss off the old trees and place it in a large bag, and likewise to collect the rubbish at the bottom of the barges in which reeds are brought from the fens, and thus I got some very rare species. No poet ever felt more delighted at seeing his first poem published than I did at seeing, in Stephens's "Illustrations of British Insects," the magic words, "captured by C. Darwin, Esq." I was introduced to entomology by my second cousin, W. Darwin Fox, a clever and most pleasant man, who was then at Christ's College, and with whom I became extremely intimate. Afterward I became well acquainted, and went out collecting, with Albert Way of Trinity, who in after years became a well-known archæologist; also with H. Thompson of the same college, afterwards a leading agriculturist, chairman of a great railway, and Member of Parliament. It seems therefore that a taste for collecting beetles is some indication of future success in life!

Voyage of the "Beagle" from December 27, 1831, to October 2, 1836

On returning home in the summer of 1831, from a short geological tour in North Wales, I found a letter from Henslow [Professor of Botany at Cambridge], informing me that Captain Fitz-Roy

was willing to give up part of his own cabin to any young man who would volunteer to go with him without pay as naturalist to the voyage of the *Beagle*. I have given, as I believe, in my MS. Journal an account of all the circumstances which then occurred; I will here only say that I was instantly eager to accept the offer, but my father strongly objected, adding the words, fortunate for me, "If you can find any man of common sense who advises you to go I will give my consent." So I wrote that evening and refused the offer. On the next morning I went to Maer to be ready for September 1st, and, whilst out shooting, my uncle, Josiah Wedgwood, sent for me, offering to drive me over to Shrewsbury and talk with my father, as my uncle thought it would be wise in me to accept the offer. My father always maintained that he was one of the most sensible men in the world, and he at once consented in the kindest manner. I had been rather extravagant at Cambridge, and to console my father, said, "that I should be deuced clever to spend more than my allowance whilst on board the *Beagle;*" but he answered with a smile, "But they tell me you are very clever."

Next day I started for Cambridge to see Henslow, and thence to London to see Fitz-Roy, and all was soon arranged. Afterward, on becoming very intimate with Fitz-Roy, I heard that I had run a very narrow risk of being rejected, on account of the shape of my nose! He was an ardent disciple of Lavater, and was convinced that he could

judge of a man's character by the outline of his features; and he doubted whether any one with my nose could possess sufficient energy and determination for the voyage. But I think he was afterward well satisfied that my nose had spoken falsely.

The voyage of the *Beagle* has been by far the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career; yet it depended on so small a circumstance as my uncle offering to drive me thirty miles to Shrewsbury, which few uncles would have done, and on such a trifle as the shape of my nose. I have always felt that I owe to the voyage the first real training or education of my mind; I was led to attend closely to several branches of natural history, and thus my powers of observation were improved, though they were always fairly developed.

The investigation of the geology of all the places visited was far more important, as reasoning here comes into play. On first examining a new district nothing can appear more hopeless than the chaos of rocks; but by recording the stratification and nature of the rocks and fossils at many points, always reasoning and predicting what will be found elsewhere, light soon begins to dawn on the district and the structure of the whole becomes more or less intelligible. I had brought with me the first volume of Lyell's "Principles of Geology," which I studied attentively; and the book was of the highest service to me in many ways. The very first place which I examined, namely St. Jago in

the Cape de Verde Islands, showed me clearly the wonderful superiority of Lyell's manner of treating geology, compared with that of any other author whose works I had with me or ever afterward read.

Another of my occupations was collecting animals of all classes, briefly describing and roughly dissecting many of the marine ones; but from not being able to draw, and from not having sufficient anatomical knowledge, a great pile of MS. which I made during the voyage has proved almost useless. I thus lost much time, with the exception of that spent in acquiring some knowledge of the Crustaceans, as this was of service when in after years I undertook a monograph of the Cirripedia [Barnacles].

During some part of the day I wrote my Journal of Researches, and took much pains in describing carefully and vividly all that I had seen; and this was good practice. My journal served also, in part, as letters to my home, and portions were sent to England whenever there was an opportunity.

The above various special studies were, however, of no importance compared with the habit of energetic industry and of concentrated attention to whatever I was engaged in, which I then acquired. Everything about which I thought or read was made to bear directly on what I had seen or was likely to see; and this habit of mind was continued during the five years of the voyage. I feel sure that it was this training which has

enabled me to do whatever I have done in science.

Looking backward, I can now perceive how my love for science gradually preponderated over every other taste. During the first two years my old passion for shooting survived in nearly full force, and I shot myself all the birds and animals for my collection; but gradually I gave up my gun more and more, and finally altogether, to my servant, as shooting interfered with my work, more especially with making out the geological structure of a country. I discovered, though unconsciously and insensibly, that the pleasure of observing and reasoning was a much higher one than that of skill and sport. That my mind became developed through my pursuits during the voyage is rendered probable by a remark made by my father, who was the most acute observer whom I ever saw, of a sceptical disposition, and far from being a believer in phrenology; for on first seeing me after the voyage, he turned round to my sisters, and exclaimed: "Why, the shape of his head is quite altered."

Success of His First Books

In the early part of 1844 my observations on the volcanic islands visited during the voyage of the *Beagle* were published. In 1845 I took much pains in correcting a new edition of my "Journal of Researches" in the natural history and geology of the countries visited by the *Beagle*, which was originally published in 1839 as part of Fitz-Roy's work. The success of this, my first literary child,

always tickles my vanity more than that of any of my other books. Even to this day it sells steadily in England and the United States, and has been translated for the second time into German, and into French and other languages. This success of a book of travels, especially of a scientific one, so many years after its first publication, is surprising. Ten thousand copies have been sold in England of the second edition. In 1846 my "Geological Observations on South America" were published. I record in a little diary, which I have always kept, that my three geological books ("Coral Reefs" included) consumed four and a half years' steady work; "and now it is ten years since my return to England. How much time have I lost by illness!" I have nothing to say about these books except that to my surprise new editions have lately been called for.

Later Books

[In November, 1859, Darwin's "Origin of Species," his most famous book, was published.]

In the autumn of 1864 I finished a long paper on "Climbing Plants," and sent it to the Linnæan Society. The writing of this paper cost me four months; but I was so unwell when I received the proof-sheets that I was forced to leave them very badly and often obscurely expressed. The paper was little noticed, but when in 1875 it was corrected and published as a separate book it sold well. I was led to take up this subject by reading a short paper by Asa Gray, published in 1858. He

sent me seeds, and on raising some plants I was so much fascinated and perplexed by the revolving movements of the tendrils and stems, which movements are really very simple, though appearing at first sight very complex, that I procured various other kinds of climbing plants, and studied the whole subject. I was all the more attracted to it, from not being at all satisfied with the explanation which Henslow gave us in his lectures, about twining plants, namely, that they had a natural tendency to grow up in a spire. This explanation proved quite erroneous. Some of the adaptations displayed by climbing plants are as beautiful as those of orchids for ensuring cross-fertilisation.

My "Variation of Animals and Plants Under Domestication" was begun, as already stated, in the beginning of 1860, but was not published until the beginning of 1868. It was a big book, and cost me four years and two months' hard labour. It gives all my observations and an immense number of facts collected from various sources, about our domestic productions. In the second volume the causes and laws of variation, inheritance, etc., are discussed as far as our present state of knowledge permits. Toward the end of the work I give my well-abused hypothesis of Pangenesis. An unverified hypothesis is of little or no value; but if any one should hereafter be led to make observations by which some such hypothesis could be established, I shall have done good service, as an astonishing number of isolated facts

can be thus connected together and rendered intelligible. In 1875 a second and largely corrected edition, which cost me a good deal of labour, was brought out.

My "Descent of Man" was published in February, 1871. As soon as I had become, in the year 1837 or 1838, convinced that species were mutable productions, I could not avoid the belief that man must come under the same law. Accordingly I collected notes on the subject for my own satisfaction, and not for a long time with any intention of publishing. Although in the "Origin of Species" the derivation of any particular species is never discussed, yet I thought it best, in order that no honourable man should accuse me of concealing my views, to add that by the work "light would be thrown on the origin of man and his history." It would have been useless and injurious to the success of the book to have paraded, without giving any evidence, my conviction with respect to his origin.

But when I found that many naturalists fully accepted the doctrine of the evolution of species, it seemed to me advisable to work up such notes as I possessed and to publish a special treatise on the origin of man. I was the more glad to do so, as it gave me an opportunity of fully discussing sexual selection—a subject which had always greatly interested me. This subject, and that of the variation of our domestic productions, together with the causes and laws of variation, inheritance, and the intercrossing of plants, are

the sole subjects which I have been able to write about in full, so as to use all the materials which I have collected. The "Descent of Man" took me three years to write, but then as usual some of this time was lost by ill health, and some was consumed by preparing new editions and other minor works. A second and largely corrected edition of the "Descent" appeared in 1874.

Observes His First Child

My first child was born on December 27, 1839, and I at once commenced to make notes on the first dawn of the various expressions which he exhibited, for I felt convinced, even at this early period, that the most complex and fine shades of expression must all have had a gradual and natural origin. During the summer of the following year, 1840, I read Sir Charles Bell's admirable work on expression, and this greatly increased the interest which I felt in the subject, though I could not at all agree with his belief that various muscles had been specially created for the sake of expression. From this time forward I occasionally attended to the subject, both with respect to man and our domesticated animals.

In the summer of 1860 I was idling and resting near Hatfield, where two species of Drosera [sundew] abound; and I noticed that numerous insects had been entrapped by the leaves. I carried home some plants, and on giving them insects saw the movements of the tentacles, and this made me think it probable that the insects were caught

for some special purpose. Fortunately a crucial test occurred to me, that of placing a large number of leaves in various nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous fluids of equal density; and as soon as I found that the former alone excited energetic movements, it was obvious that here was a fine new field for investigation.

Examines His Own Mind and Character

I have now mentioned all the books which I have published, and these have been the milestones in my life, so that little remains to be said. I am not conscious of any change in my mind during the last thirty years, excepting in one point presently to be mentioned; nor, indeed, could any change have been expected unless one of general deterioration. But my father lived to his eighty-third year with his mind as lively as it ever was, and all his faculties undimmed; and I hope that I may die before my mind fails to a sensible extent. I think that I have become a little more skilful in guessing right explanations, and in devising experimental tests; but this may probably be the result of mere practice, and of a larger store of knowledge. I have as much difficulty as ever in expressing myself clearly and concisely; and this difficulty has caused me a very great loss of time; but it has had the compensating advantage of forcing me to think long and intently about every sentence, and thus I have been led to see errors in reasoning and in my own observations or those of others.

There seems to be a sort of fatality in my mind leading me to put at first my statement or proposition in a wrong or awkward form. Formerly I used to think about my sentences before writing them down; but for several years I have found that it saves time to scribble in a vile hand whole pages as quickly as I possibly can, contracting half the words, and then correct deliberately. Sentences thus scribbled down are often better ones than I could have written deliberately.

Having said thus much about my manner of writing, I will add that with my large books I spend a good deal of time over the general arrangement of the matter. I first make the rudest outline in two or three pages, and then a larger one in several pages, a few words or one word standing for a whole discussion or series of facts. Each one of these headings is again enlarged and often transferred before I begin to write *in extenso*. As in several of my books facts observed by others have been very extensively used, and as I have always had several quite distinct subjects in hand at the same time, I may mention that I keep from thirty to forty large portfolios, in cabinets with labelled shelves, into which I can at once put a detached reference or memorandum. I have bought many books, and at their ends I make an index of all the facts that concern my work; or, if the book is not my own, write out a separate abstract, and of such abstracts I have a large drawer full. Before beginning on any subject I look to all the short indexes and make a general and

classified index, and by taking the one or more proper portfolios I have all the information collected during my life ready for use.

I have said that in one respect my mind has changed during the last twenty or thirty years. Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, gave me great pleasure, and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great, delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. Music generally sets me thinking too energetically on what I have been at work on, instead of giving me pleasure. I retain some taste for fine scenery, but it does not cause me the exquisite delight which it formerly did. On the other hand, novels which are works of the imagination, though not of a very high order, have been for years a wonderful relief and pleasure to me, and I often bless all novelists. A surprising number have been read aloud to me, and I like all if moderately good, and if they do not end unhappily—against which a law ought to be passed. A novel, according to my taste, does not come into the first class unless it contains some person whom one can thoroughly love, and if a pretty woman all the better.

This curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes is all the odder, as books on history, biographies, and travels (independently of any scientific facts which they may contain), and essays on all sorts of subjects interest me as much as ever they did. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organised or better constituted than mine would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.

My books have sold largely in England, have been translated into many languages, and passed through several editions in foreign countries. I have heard it said that the success of a work abroad is the best test of its enduring value. I doubt whether this is at all trustworthy; but judged by this standard my name ought to last for a few years. Therefore it may be worth while to try to analyse the mental qualities and the conditions on which my success has depended; though I am aware that no man can do this correctly.

I have no great quickness of apprehension or wit which is so remarkable in some clever men, for instance, Huxley. I am therefore a poor critic: a paper or book, when first read, generally excites my admiration, and it is only after considerable reflection that I perceive the weak points. My power to follow a long and purely abstract train of thought is very limited; and therefore I could never have succeeded with metaphysics or mathematics. My memory is extensive, yet hazy; it suffices to make me cautious by vaguely telling me that I have observed or read something opposed to the conclusion which I am drawing, or on the other hand in favour of it; and after a time I can generally recollect where to search for my authority. So poor in one sense is my memory, that I have never been able to remember for more than a few days a single date or a line of poetry.

Some of my critics have said, "Oh, he is a good observer, but he has no power of reasoning!" I do not think that this can be true, for the "Origin of Species" is one long argument from the beginning to the end, and it has convinced not a few able men. No one could have written it without having some power of reasoning. I have a fair share of invention, and of common sense or judgment such as every fairly successful lawyer or doctor must have, but not, I believe, in any higher degree.

On the favourable side of the balance, I think that I am superior to the common run of men in noticing things which easily escape attention, and

in observing them carefully. My industry has been nearly as great as it could have been in the observation and collection of facts. What is far more important, my love of natural science has been steady and ardent.

This pure love has, however, been much aided by the ambition to be esteemed by my fellow naturalists. From my early youth I have had the strongest desire to understand or explain whatever I observed—that is, to group all facts under some general laws. These causes combined have given me the patience to reflect or ponder for any number of years over any unexplained problem. As far as I can judge I am not apt to follow blindly the lead of other men. I have steadily endeavoured to keep my mind free so as to give up any hypothesis, however much beloved (and I cannot resist forming one on every subject), as soon as facts are shown to be opposed to it. Indeed, I have had no choice but to act in this manner, for with the exception of the coral reefs, I cannot remember a single first-formed hypothesis which had not after a time to be given up or greatly modified. This has naturally led me to distrust greatly deductive reasoning in the mixed sciences. On the other hand, I am not very sceptical—a frame of mind which I believe to be injurious to the progress of science. A good deal of scepticism in a scientific man is advisable to avoid much loss of time, but I have met with not a few men, who, I feel sure, have often thus been deterred from experiment or observations which

would have proved directly or indirectly serviceable. . . .

My habits are methodical, and this has been of not a little use for my particular line of work. Lastly, I have had ample leisure from not having to earn my own bread. Even ill health, though it has annihilated several years of my life, has saved me from the distractions of society and amusement.

Therefore my success as a man of science, whatever this may have amounted to, has been determined, as far as I can judge, by complex and diversified mental qualities and conditions. Of these, the most important have been, the love of science, unbounded patience in long reflecting over any subject, industry in observing and collecting facts, and a fair share of invention as well as of common sense. With such moderate abilities as I possess, it is truly surprising that I should have influenced to a considerable extent the belief of scientific men on some important points.

Francis Darwin's Impressions of His Father

Francis Darwin tells some very interesting facts regarding his father's life in a special chapter of his "Life and Letters." Charles Darwin was in the habit of rising early, taking a short walk before breakfasting alone at 7:45 and then plunging immediately into his work. He considered the hour and a half between 8 and 9:30 in the morning

his best working time. This stunt accomplished, the great scientist would read his letters or listen to reading aloud, returning to his regular work at about half-past ten. At twelve o'clock or a few minutes after "he considered his day's work over," and went for a walk, whether the weather was good or bad. For a time he rode horseback, but after two accidents he was advised to give it up.

After lunch, Darwin read a newspaper or wrote letters or prepared manuscript for his books. At three-thirty he rested and smoked for an hour while being read to, often falling asleep. This latter probably depended largely upon the subject matter of what was being read to him! He then went for a short walk, and returning about 4:30 worked for an hour. After this he rested and smoked and listened to reading until tea at 7:30, a meal which he came to prefer to late dinner. He then played two games of backgammon, read to himself and listened to music and to reading aloud. When he went to bed at 10:30, he generally was very much tired. All through his life he was much troubled by wakefulness at nights and the activity of his thoughts. Francis Darwin's outline of his father's day thus indicates that the number of hours devoted to work each day was comparatively small. The immense amount he achieved was due to concentration during these short hours, also to the unfailing regularity of his life, due largely to his ill health.

The appearance of Charles Darwin has been made known in many portraits and statues. He

was tall and thin; about six feet in height, but looked less because of a decided stoop which became accentuated later in life.

Charles Darwin was, as a young man, a believer in Christianity, and was sent to Cambridge with the idea that he would take orders. It is probable, however, that he had merely yielded to the influences of his home, without thinking much on the subject of religion. He first began to reflect deeply on the subject during the two years and a quarter which intervened between his return from the cruise on the *Beagle* and his marriage in January, 1839. His own words are, "disbelief crept over me at a slow rate, but was at last complete. The rate was so slow that I felt no distress." His attitude was that of the tolerant, unaggressive agnostic, sympathising with and helping in the social and charitable influences of the English Church in his parish. He was evidently most unwilling that his opinions on religious matters should influence others, holding, as his son Francis says, "that a man ought not to publish on a subject to which he has not given special and continuous thought."

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

[The "American Crisis Biographies," published by G. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, include a capital volume on General Lee, by Philip Alexander Bruce, of Virginia. He states with judicial fairness the Virginian theory of constitutional law which obliged Lee at the outbreak of civil war to cast in his lot with his native state. Lee's military history is sketched in clear outlines, and his biographer holds that if Lee had been resolute in adhering to his plans, against the views of President Davis, the Southern cause might not have suffered ultimate defeat. In a closing page, Mr. Bruce says:

"No impartial mind can dwell upon General Lee's character without recalling Washington's; nor is the similarity to be wondered at, for being natives of the same county, the dispositions of both men had been shaped by the influences of the same physical surroundings, the same social life, and the same general ancestry. Each was the consummate flower of all that was elevated in slave institutions. Earnest, sedate, and studious even in boyhood, both had assumed the duties of manhood when others of their own age were still in a state of dependence. A commanding presence, and an equally commanding personal dignity, were common to both almost from their youth down to their last hours. Both were remarkable for a combination of moral and intellectual qualities so evenly balanced and so exquisitely proportioned that no one quality overshadowed or dwarfed another. Equally characteristic of both were their perfect integrity and probity in every relation and every situation of their lives. Both were endowed with that supreme gift of mind and soul, which raises up one man among ten millions to be a historical leader of men. Lee possessed the greater military genius, but it was Lee, not Washington, who was ultimately unsuccessful; strangely alike in their characters and in their careers, they were strangely unlike in their final destinies."

"Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee," by his son Captain Robert E. Lee, with photogravure portraits, copyright, 1904, by Doubleday, Page & Company, afford the pages which follow.— Ed.]

To His Daughter Annie

West Point, February 25, 1853.

My Precious Annie:

I take advantage of your gracious permission to write to you, and there is no telling how far my feelings might carry me were I not limited by the conveyance furnished by the Mim's (your mother's) letter, which lies before me, and which must, the Mim says so, go in this morning's mail. But my limited time does not diminish my affection for you, Annie, nor prevent my thinking of you and wishing for you. I long to see you through the dilatory nights. At dawn when I rise, and all day, my thoughts revert to you in expressions that you cannot hear or I repeat. I hope you will always appear to me as you are now painted on my heart, and that you will endeavour to improve and so conduct yourself as to make you happy and me joyful all our lives. Diligent and earnest attention to *all* your duties can only accomplish this. I am told you are growing very tall, and I hope very straight. I do not know what the Cadets will say if the Superintendent's *children* do not practise what he demands of them. They will naturally say he had better attend to his own before he corrects other people's children, and as he

permits his to stoop it is hard he will not allow them. You and Agnes (his third daughter) must not, therefore, bring me into discredit with my young friends, or give them reason to think that I require more of them than of my own. I presume your mother has told all about us, our neighbours, and our affairs. And indeed she may have done that and not said much either, so far as I know. But we are all well and have much to be grateful for. To-morrow we anticipate the pleasure of your brother's [Custis's] company, which is always a source of pleasure to us. It is the only time we see him, except when the Corps come under my view at some of their exercises, when my eye is sure to distinguish him among his comrades and follow him over the plain. Give much love to your dear grandmother, grandfather, Agnes, Miss Sue, Lucretia, and all friends, including the servants. Write sometimes, and think always of your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

RESIGNS FROM THE UNITED STATES ARMY

TO GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT:

ARLINGTON, Virginia, April 20, 1861.

GENERAL: Since my interview with you on the 18th inst., I have felt that I ought no longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for

the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life, and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of that time — more than a quarter of a century — I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors and a most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame shall always be dear to me.

Save in the defence of my native state, I never desire again to draw my sword.

Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me most truly yours,

R. E. Lee.

To His Wife, on the Enlistment of His Son, Robert

Richmond, March 15, 1862.

My Dear Mary: I wrote you yesterday by mail. On returning to my quarters last night after 11 P.M. Custis informed me Robert had arrived and had made up his mind to go into the army. He stayed at the Spottswood, and this morning I went with him to get his overcoat, blankets, etc. There is great difficulty in procuring what is good. They all have to

be made, and he has gone to the office of the adjutant-general of Virginia to engage in the service. God grant it may be for his good as He has permitted it. I must be resigned. I told him of the exemption granted by the Secretary of War to the professors and students of the university, but he expressed no desire to take advantage of it. It would be useless for him to go, if he did not improve himself, nor would I wish him to go merely for exemption. As I have done all in the matter that seems proper and right, I must now leave the rest in the hands of our merciful God. I hope our son will do his duty and make a good soldier. Very truly yours, R. E. Lee.

To His Wife from the Seat of War

Camp Fredericksburg, Christmas Day, 1862.

. . . I will commence this holy day by writing to you. My heart is filled with gratitude to Almighty God for His unspeakable mercies with which He has blessed us in this day, for those He has granted us from the beginning of life, and particularly for those He has vouchsafed us during the past year. What should have become of us without His crowning help and protection? Oh, if our people would only recognise it and cease from vain self-boasting and adulation, how strong would be my belief in final success and happiness to our country! But what a cruel thing is war; to separate and destroy families and friends

and mar the purest joys and happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbours, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world! I pray that, on this day when only peace and good-will are preached to mankind, better thoughts may fill the hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace. Our army was never in such good health and condition since I have been attached to it. I believe they share with me my disappointment that the enemy did not renew the combat on the 13th. I was holding back all day and husbanding our strength and ammunition for the great struggle, for which I thought I was preparing. Had I divined that was to have been his only effort, he would have had more of it. My heart bleeds at the death of every one of our gallant men.

To His Daughter Agnes. On the Desolations of War

Camp Fredericksburg, December 26, 1862.

My Precious Little Agnes:

I have not heard of you for a long time. I wish you were with me, for, always solitary, I am sometimes weary, and long for the reunion of my family once again. But I will not speak of myself, but of you. . . . I have seen the ladies in this vicinity only when flying from the enemy, and it caused me acute grief to witness their exposure and suffering. But a more noble spirit was never displayed any-

where. The faces of old and young were wreathed with smiles, and glowed with happiness at their sacrifices for the good of their country. Many have lost *everything*. What the fire and shells of the enemy spared, their pillagers destroyed. But God will shelter them, I know. So much heroism will not be unregarded. I can only hold oral communication with your sister Mary, and have forbidden the scouts to bring any writing, and have taken back some that I had given them for her. If caught, it would compromise them. They only convey messages. I learn in that way she is well.

Your devoted father,

R. E. Lee.

On the Eve of Surrender

[Captain Robert E. Lee, a son of General Lee, and his biographer, says:]

No one can tell what he suffered. He did in all things what he considered right. Self he absolutely abandoned. As he said, so he believed, that "human virtue should equal human calamity." A day or two before the surrender, he said to General Pendleton:

"I have never believed we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good in the long run our independence unless foreign powers should, directly or indirectly, assist us. . . . But such considerations really made with me no difference. We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to

maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavour."

After his last attempt was made with Gordon and Fitz Lee to break through the lines of the enemy in the early morning of the April 9th, 1865, and Colonel Venable informed him that it was not possible, he said:

"Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant." When some one near him, hearing this, said:

"Oh, General, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?" replied he:

"Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers; but that is not the question, Colonel; the question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility."

There had been some correspondence with Grant, just before the conversation with General Pendleton. After Gordon's attack failed, a flag of truce was sent out, and, about eleven o'clock, General Lee went to meet General Grant. The terms of surrender were agreed upon, and then General Lee called attention to the pressing needs of his men. He said:

"I have a thousand or more of your men and officers, whom we have required to march along with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them to your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them.

My own men have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in need of both rations and forage."

Grant said he would at once send him 25,000 rations. General Lee told him that amount would be ample and would be a great relief. He then rode back to his troops. The rations issued then to our army were the supplies destined for us but captured at Amelia Court House. Had they reached us in time, they would have given the half-starved troops that were left strength enough to make a further struggle.

Farewell to His Soldiers

Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia,
April 10, 1865.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valour and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can

return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. Lee, General.

The Father of a Careless Student

[As president of Washington College, General Lee had the utmost patience and forbearance with students who neglected their work. To the father of such a youth he wrote:]

Washington College,
Lexington, Virginia, April 20, 1868.

My dear Sir: I regret to see, from your letter of the 29th ult., to the clerk of the faculty, that you have misunderstood their action in reference to your son. He was not dismissed, as you suppose, from college, but every means having been tried by the faculty to induce him to attend faithfully and regularly to his studies, without effect, and great forbearance having been practised, it was thought best for him, and just to you, that he should return home. The action of the faculty was purposely designed, not to prevent his being received into any other college, or to return to this, should you so

desire. The monthly reports are intended to advise parents of the progress of their sons, and it was supposed you would have seen the little advancement made by yours in his studies, and that no further notice was required. The action of the faculty was caused by no immorality on his part, but by a systematic neglect of his duties, which no counsel on the part of his professors, or my own, could correct. In compliance, however, with your wishes, and on the positive promise of amendment on the part of your son, he has been received into college and I sincerely hope that he will apply himself diligently to his studies, and make an earnest effort to retrieve the time he has lost. With great respect, your obedient servant, R. E. Lee.

To Mrs. Jefferson Davis in Sympathy

Lexington, Virginia, February, 23, 1866.

My dear Mrs. Davis:

Your letter of the 12th inst. reached Lexington during my absence at Washington. I have never seen Mr. Colfax's speech, and am, therefore, ignorant of the statements it contained. Had it, however, come under my notice, I doubt whether I should have thought it proper to reply. *I have thought, from the time of the cessation of hostilities, that silence and patience on the part of the South was the true course;* and I think so still. *Controversy of all kinds* will, in my opinion, only serve to continue excitement and passion, and will prevent the public

mind from the acknowledgment and acceptance of the truth. These considerations have kept me from replying to accusations made against myself, and induced me to recommend the same to others. As regards the treatment of the Andersonville prisoners, to which you allude, I know nothing and can say nothing of my own knowledge. I never had anything to do with any prisoners, except to send those taken on the fields, where I was engaged, to the Provost Marshal General at Richmond. I have felt most keenly the sufferings and imprisonment of your husband, and have earnestly consulted with friends as to any possible mode of affording him relief and consolation. He enjoys the sympathy and respect of all good men; and if, as you state, his trial is now near, the exhibition of the whole truth in his case will, I trust, prove his defence and justification. With sincere prayers for his health and speedy restoration to liberty, and earnest supplications to God that He may take you and yours under His guidance and protection, I am, with great respect, your obedient servant, R. E. Lee.

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT

["The Rough Riders," by Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, copyright 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons, has, with their kind permission, furnished the pages now presented.]

Raising the Regiment

During [1897] the year preceding the outbreak of the Spanish War I was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. While my party was in opposition, I had preached, with all the fervour and zeal I possessed, our duty to intervene in Cuba, and to take this opportunity of driving the Spaniard from the Western world. Now that my party had come to power, I felt it incumbent on me, by word and deed, to do all I could to secure the carrying out of the policy in which I so heartily believed; and from the beginning I had determined that, if a war came, somehow or other, I was going to the front.

Meanwhile, there was any amount of work at hand in getting ready the navy, and to this I devoted myself.

Naturally, when one is intensely interested in a certain cause, the tendency is to associate particularly with those who take the same view. A large number of my friends felt very differently from the way I felt, and looked upon the possibility of war with sincere horror. But I found

plenty of sympathisers, especially in the navy, the army, and the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. Commodore Dewey, Captain Evans, Captain Brownson, Captain Davis — with these and the various other naval officers on duty at Washington I used to hold long consultations, during which we went over and over, not only every question of naval administration, but specifically everything necessary to do in order to put the navy in trim to strike quick and hard if, as we believed would be the case, we went to war with Spain. Sending an ample quantity of ammunition to the Asiatic squadron and providing it with coal; getting the battleships and the armoured cruisers on the Atlantic into one squadron, both to train them in manœuvring together and to have them ready to sail against either the Cuban or the Spanish coasts; gathering the torpedo-boats into a flotilla for practice; securing ample target exercise, so conducted as to raise the standard of our marksmanship; gathering in the small ships from European and South American waters; settling on the number and kind of craft needed as auxiliary cruisers — every one of these points was threshed over in conversations with officers who were present in Washington, or in correspondence with officers who, like Captain Mahan, were absent.

As for the Senators, of course Senator Lodge and I felt precisely alike; for to fight in such a cause and with such an enemy was merely to

carry out the doctrines we had both of us preached for many years. Senator Davis, Senator Proctor, Senator Foraker, Senator Chandler, Senator Morgan, Senator Frye, and a number of others also took just the right ground; and I saw a great deal of them, as well as of many members of the House, particularly those from the West, where the feeling for war was strongest.

Dr. [now General] Leonard Wood

Naval officers came and went, and Senators were only in the city while the Senate was in session; but there was one friend who was steadily in Washington. This was an army surgeon, Dr. Leonard Wood. I only met him after I entered the Navy Department, but we soon found that we had kindred tastes and kindred principles. He had served in General Miles's inconceivably harassing campaign against the Apaches, where he had displayed such courage that he won that most coveted of distinctions — the Medal of Honour; such extraordinary physical strength and endurance that he grew to be recognised as one of the two or three white men who could stand fatigue and hardship as well as an Apache; and such judgment that toward the close of the campaigns he was given, though a surgeon, the actual command of more than one expedition against the bands of renegade Indians. Like so many of the gallant fighters with whom it was later

my good fortune to serve, he combined, in a very high degree, the qualities of entire manliness with entire uprightness and cleanliness of character. It was a pleasure to deal with a man of high ideals, who scorned everything mean and base, and who also possessed those robust and hardy qualities of body and mind, for the lack of which no merely negative virtue can ever atone. He was by nature a soldier of the highest type, and, like most natural soldiers, he was, of course, born with a keen longing for adventure; and, though an excellent doctor, what he really desired was the chance to lead men in some kind of hazard. To every possibility of such adventure he paid quick attention. For instance, he had a great desire to get me to go with him on an expedition into the Klondike in mid-winter, at the time when it was thought that a relief party would have to be sent there to help the starving miners.

In the summer he and I took long walks together through the beautiful broken country surrounding Washington. In winter we sometimes varied these walks by kicking a football in an empty lot, or, on the rare occasions when there was enough snow, by trying a couple of sets of skis or snow-skates, which had been sent me from Canada.

But always on our way out to and back from these walks and sport, there was one topic to which, in our talking, we returned, and that was the possible war with Spain. We both felt very

strongly that such a war would be as righteous as it would be advantageous to the honour and the interests of the nation; and after the blowing up of the *Maine* we felt that it was inevitable. We then at once began to try to see that we had our share in it. The President and my own chief, Secretary Long, were very firm against my going, but they said that if I was bent upon going they would help me. Wood was the medical adviser of both the President and the Secretary of War, and could count upon their friendship. So we started with the odds in our favour.

At first we had great difficulty in knowing exactly what to try for. We could go on the staff of any one of several generals, but we much preferred to go in the line. Wood hoped he might get a commission in his native state of Massachusetts; but in Massachusetts, as in every other state, it proved there were ten men who wanted to go to the war for every chance to go. Then we thought we might get positions as field-officers under an old friend of mine, Colonel — now General — Francis V. Greene, of New York, the colonel of the Seventy-first; but again there were no vacancies.

Our doubts were resolved when Congress authorised the raising of three cavalry regiments from among the wild riders and riflemen of the Rockies and the Great Plains. During Wood's service in the Southwest he had commanded not only regulars and Indian scouts, but also

white frontiersmen. In the Northwest I had spent much of my time, for many years, either on my ranch or in long hunting trips, and had lived and worked for months together with the cowboy and the mountain hunter, faring in every way precisely as they did.

Appointed Lieutenant-Colonel

Secretary Alger offered me the command of one of these regiments. If I had taken it, being entirely inexperienced in military work, I should not have known how to get it equipped most rapidly, for I should have spent valuable weeks in learning its needs, with the result that I should have missed the Santiago campaign and might not even have had the consolation prize of going to Porto Rico. Fortunately, I was wise enough to tell the Secretary that while I believed I could learn to command the regiment in a month, yet that it was just this very month which I could not afford to spare, and that therefore I would be quite content to go as Lieutenant-Colonel, if he would make Wood Colonel.

This was entirely satisfactory to both the President and Secretary, and, accordingly, Wood and I were speedily commissioned as Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. This was the official title of the regiment, but for some reason or other the public promptly christened us the "Rough Riders." At first we fought

against the use of the term, but to no purpose; and when finally the Generals of Division and Brigade began to write in formal communications about our regiment as the "Rough Riders," we adopted the term ourselves.

The mustering-places for the regiment were appointed in New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory. The difficulty in organising was not in selecting, but in rejecting men. Within a day or two after it was announced that we were to raise the regiment we were literally deluged with applications from every quarter of the Union. Without the slightest trouble, so far as men went, we could have raised a brigade or even a division. The difficulty lay in arming, equipping, mounting, and disciplining the men we selected. Hundreds of regiments were being called into existence by the National Government, and each regiment was sure to have innumerable wants to be satisfied. To a man who knew the ground as Wood did, and who was entirely aware of our national unpreparedness, it was evident that the ordnance and quartermaster's bureaus could not meet, for some time to come, one-tenth of the demands that would be made upon them; and it was all-important to get in first with our demands. Thanks to his knowledge of the situation and promptness, we immediately put in our requisitions for the articles indispensable for the equipment of the regiment; and then, by ceaseless worrying of excellent bureaucrats,

who had no idea how to do things quickly or how to meet an emergency, we succeeded in getting our rifles, cartridges, revolvers, clothing, shelter-tents, and horse gear just in time to enable us to go on the Santiago expedition. Some of the state troops, who were already organised as National Guards, were, of course, ready, after a fashion, when the war broke out; but no other regiment which had our work to do was able to do it in anything like as quick time, and therefore no other volunteer regiment saw anything like the fighting which we did.

General Young's Fight

At six o'clock, the Rough Riders began their advance. We first had to climb a very steep hill. Many of the men, foot-sore and weary from their march of the preceding day, found the pace up this hill too hard, and either dropped their bundles or fell out of line, with the result that we went into action with less than five hundred men — as, in addition to the stragglers, a detachment had been left to guard the baggage on shore. At the time I was rather inclined to grumble to myself about Wood setting so fast a pace, but when the fight began I realised that it had been absolutely necessary, as otherwise we should have arrived late and the regulars would have had very hard work indeed.

Tiffany, by great exertions, had corraled a couple of mules and was using them to trans-

port the Colt automatic guns in the rear of the regiment. The dynamite gun was not with us, as mules for it could not be obtained in time.

Captain Capron's troop was in the lead, it being chosen for the most responsible and dangerous position because of Capron's capacity. Four men, headed by Sergeant Hamilton Fish, went first; a support of twenty men followed some distance behind; and then came Capron and the rest of his troop, followed by Wood, with whom General Young had sent Lieutenants Smedburg and Rivers as aides. I rode close behind, at the head of the other three troops of my squadron, and then came Brodie, at the head of his squadron. The trail was so narrow that for the most part the men marched in single file, and it was bordered by dense, tangled jungle, through which a man could with difficulty force his way; so that to put out flankers was impossible, for they could not possibly have kept up with the march of the column. Every man had his canteen full. There was a Cuban guide at the head of the column, but he ran away as soon as the fighting began. There were also with us, at the head of the column, two men who did not run away, who, though non-combatants — newspaper correspondents — showed as much gallantry as any soldier in the field. They were Edward Marshall and Richard Harding Davis.

After reaching the top of the hill the walk was very pleasant. Now and then we came to

glades or rounded hill-shoulders, whence we could look off for some distance. The tropical forest was very beautiful, and it was a delight to see the strange trees, the splendid royal palms and a tree which looked like a flat-topped acacia, and which was covered with a mass of brilliant scarlet flowers. We heard many bird-notes, too, the cooing of doves and the call of a great brush cuckoo. Afterward we found that the Spanish guerillas imitated these bird-calls, but the sounds we heard that morning, as we advanced through the tropic forest, were from birds, not guerillas, until we came right up to the Spanish lines. It was very beautiful and very peaceful, and it seemed more as if we were off on some hunting excursion than as if we were about to go into a sharp and bloody little fight.

Of course, we accommodated our movements to those of the men in front. After marching for somewhat over an hour, we suddenly came to a halt, and immediately afterward Colonel Wood sent word down the line that the advance guard had come upon a Spanish outpost. Then the order was passed to fill the magazines, which was done.

The men were totally unconcerned, and I do not think they realised that any fighting was at hand; at any rate, I could hear the group nearest me discussing in low murmurs, not the Spaniards, but the conduct of a certain cow-puncher in quitting work on a ranch and

starting a saloon in some New Mexican town. In another minute, however, Wood sent me orders to deploy three troops to the right of the trail, and to advance when we became engaged; while, at the same time, the other troops, under Major Brodie, were deployed to the left of the trail where the ground was more open than elsewhere — one troop being held in reserve in the centre, besides the reserves on each wing. Later all the reserves were put into the firing-line.

To the right the jungle was quite thick, and we had barely begun to deploy when a crash in front announced that the fight was on. It was evidently very hot, and L Troop had its hands full; so I hurried my men up abreast of them. So thick was the jungle that it was very difficult to keep together, especially when there was no time for delay, and while I got up Llewellen's troops and Kane's platoon of K Troop, the rest of K Troop under Captain Jenkins which, with Bucky O'Neill's troop, made up the right wing, were behind, and it was some time before they got into the fight at all.

Meanwhile I had gone forward with Llewellen, Greenway, Kane, and their troopers until we came out on a kind of shoulder, jutting over a ravine, which separated us from a great ridge on our right. It was on this ridge that the Spaniards had some of their intrenchments, and it was just beyond this ridge that the Valley

Road led, up which the regulars were at that very time pushing their attack; but, of course, at the moment we knew nothing of this. The effect of the smokeless powder was remarkable. The air seemed full of the rustling sound of the Mauser bullets, for the Spaniards knew the trails by which we were advancing, and opened heavily on our position. Moreover, as we advanced we were, of course, exposed, and they could see us and fire. But they themselves were entirely invisible. The jungle covered everything, and not the faintest trace of smoke was to be seen in any direction to indicate from whence the bullets came. It was some time before the men fired; Llewellen, Kane, and I anxiously studying the ground to see where our opponents were, and utterly unable to find out.

We could hear the faint reports of the Hotchkiss guns and the reply of two Spanish guns, and the Mauser bullets were singing through the trees over our heads, making a noise like the humming of telephone wires; but exactly where they came from we could not tell. The Spaniards were firing high and for the most part by volleys, and their shooting was not very good, which perhaps was not to be wondered at, as they were a long way off. Gradually, however, they began to get the range and occasionally one of our men would crumple up. In no case did the man make any outcry when hit, seeming to take it as a matter of

course; at the outside, making only such a remark as, "Well, I got it that time." With hardly an exception, there was no sign of flinching. I say with hardly an exception, for though I personally did not see an instance, and though all the men at the front behaved excellently, yet there were a very few men who lagged behind and drifted back to the trail over which we had come. The character of the fight put a premium upon such conduct, and afforded a very severe test for raw troops; because the jungle was so dense that as we advanced in open order, every man was, from time to time, left almost alone and away from the eyes of his officers. There was unlimited opportunity for dropping out without attracting notice, while it was peculiarly hard to be exposed to the fire of an unseen foe, and to see men dropping under it, and yet to be, for some time, unable to return it, and also to be entirely ignorant of what was going on in any other part of the field.

It was Richard Harding Davis who gave us our first opportunity to shoot back with effect. He was behaving precisely like my officers, being on the extreme front of the line, and taking every opportunity to study with his glasses the ground where we thought the Spaniards were. I had tried some volley firing at points where I rather doubtfully believed the Spaniards to be, but had stopped firing and was myself studying the jungle-covered moun

tain ahead with my glasses, when Davis suddenly said: "There they are, Colonel; look over there; I can see their hats near that glade," pointing across the valley to our right. In a minute I, too, made out the hats, and then pointed them out to three or four of our best shots, giving them my estimate of the range. For a minute or two no result followed, and I kept raising the range, at the same time getting more men on the firing-line. Then, evidently, the shots told, for the Spaniards suddenly sprang out of the cover through which we had seen their hats, and ran to another spot; and we could now make out a large number of them.

I accordingly got all of my men up in line and began quick firing. In a very few minutes our bullets began to do damage, for the Spaniards retreated to the left into the jungle, and we lost sight of them. At the same moment a big body of men who, it afterward turned out, were Spaniards, came in sight along the glade, following the retreat of those whom we had just driven from the trenches. We supposed that there was a large force of Cubans with General Young, not being aware that these Cubans had failed to make their appearance, and as it was impossible to tell the Cubans from the Spaniards, and as we could not decide whether these were Cubans following the Spaniards we had put to flight, or merely another troop of Spaniards retreating after the first (which was really the case) we

dared not fire, and in a minute they had passed the glade and were out of sight.

At every halt we took advantage of the cover, sinking down behind any mound, bush, or tree-trunk in the neighbourhood. The trees, of course, furnished no protection from the Mauser bullets. Once I was standing behind a large palm with my head out to one side, very fortunately; for a bullet passed through the palm, filling my left eye and ear with the dust and splinters.

No man was allowed to drop out to help the wounded. It was hard to leave them there in the jungle, where they might not be found again until the vultures and the land-crabs came, but war is a grim game and there was no choice. One of the men shot was Henry Heffner of G Troop, who was mortally wounded through the hips. He fell without uttering a sound, and two of his companions dragged him behind a tree. Here he propped himself up and asked to be given his canteen and his rifle, which I handed to him. He then again began shooting, and continued loading and firing until the line moved forward and we left him alone, dying in the gloomy shade. When we found him again, after the fight, he was dead.

At one time, as I was out of touch with that part of my wing commanded by Jenkins and O'Neill, I sent Greenway, with Sergeant Russell, a New Yorker, and trooper Rowland, a New Mexican cow-puncher, down in the valley to find

out where they were. To do this the three had to expose themselves to a very severe fire, but they were not men to whom this mattered. Russell was killed; the other two returned and reported to me the position of Jenkins and O'Neill. They then resumed their places on the firing-line. After awhile I noticed blood coming out of Rowland's side and discovered that he had been shot, although he did not seem to be taking any notice of it. He said the wound was only slight, but as I saw he had broken a rib, I told him to go to the rear to the hospital. After some grumbling he went, but fifteen minutes later he was back on the firing-line again and said he could not find the hospital — which I doubted. However, I then let him stay until the end of the fight.

The Cavalry at Santiago

The infantry got nearer and nearer the crest of the hill. At last we could see the Spaniards running from the rifle-pits as the Americans came on in their final rush. Then I stopped my men for fear they should injure their comrades, and called to them to charge the next line of trenches, on the hills in our front, from which we had been undergoing a good deal of punishment. Thinking that the men would all come, I jumped over the wire fence in front of us and started at the double; but as a matter of fact, the troopers were so excited, what with shooting and being shot, and shouting and cheering, that they did not

hear, or did not heed me; and after running about a hundred yards I found I had only five men along with me. Bullets were ripping the grass all around us, and one of the men, Clay Green, was mortally wounded; another, Winslow Clark, a Harvard man, was shot first in the leg and then through the body. He made not the slightest murmur, only asking me to put his water canteen where he could get at it, which I did; he ultimately recovered. There was no use going on with the remaining three men, and I bade them stay where they were while I went back and brought up the rest of the brigade. This was a decidedly cool request, for there was really no possible point in letting them stay there while I went back; but at the moment it seemed perfectly natural to me, and apparently so to them, for they cheerfully nodded, and sat down in the grass, firing back at the line of trenches from which the Spaniards were shooting at them. Meanwhile, I ran back, jumped over the wire fence, and went over the crest of the hill, filled with anger against the troopers, and especially those of my own regiment, for not having accompanied me. They, of course, were quite innocent of wrong-doing; and even while I taunted them bitterly for not having followed me, it was all I could do not to smile at the look of injury and surprise that came over their faces, while they cried out, "We did n't hear you, we did n't see you go, Colonel; lead on now, we 'll sure follow you." I wanted the other regiments

to come too, so I ran down to where General Sumner was and asked him if I might make the charge; and he told me to go and that he would see that the men followed. By this time everybody had his attention attracted, and when I leaped over the fence again, with Major Jenkins beside me, the men of the various regiments which were already on the hill came with a rush, and we started across the wide valley which lay between us and the Spanish intrenchments. Captain Dimmick, now in command of the Ninth, was bringing it forward; Captain McBlain had a number of Rough Riders mixed in with his troop, and led them all together; Captain Taylor had been severely wounded. The long-legged men like Greenway, Goodrich, sharp-shooter Proffit, and others, outstripped the rest of us, as we had a considerable distance to go. Long before we got near them the Spaniards ran, save a few here and there, who either surrendered or were shot down. When we reached the trenches we found them filled with dead bodies in the light blue and white uniform of the Spanish regular army.

How Colonel Roosevelt Treated His Men

On the afternoon of the 25th we moved on a couple of miles, and camped in a marshy open spot close to a beautiful stream. Here we lay for several days. Captain Lee, the British attaché, spent some time with us; we had begun

to regard him as almost a member of the regiment. Count von Götzen, the German attaché, another good fellow, also visited us. General Young was struck down with the fever, and Wood took charge of the brigade. This left me in command of the regiment, of which I was very glad, for such experience as we had had is a quick teacher. By this time the men and I knew one another, and I felt able to make them do themselves justice in march or battle. They understood that I paid no heed to where they came from; no heed to their creed, politics, or social standing; that I would care for them to the utmost of my power, but that I demanded the highest performance of duty; while in return I had seen them tested, and knew I could depend absolutely on their courage, hardihood, obedience, and individual initiative.

How the Goodwill of Troops is Won and Held

With all volunteer troops, and I am inclined to think with regulars, too, in time of trial the best work can be got out of the men only if the officers endure the same hardships and face the same risks. In my regiment, as in the whole cavalry division, the proportion of loss in killed and wounded was considerably greater among the officers than among the troopers, and this was exactly as it should be. Moreover, when we got down to hard pan, we all, officers and men, fared exactly alike as regards both shelter and

food. This prevented any grumbling. When the troopers saw that the officers had nothing but hardtack, there was not a man in the regiment who would not have been ashamed to grumble at faring no worse, and when all alike slept out in the open, in the rear of the trenches, and when the men always saw the field officers up at night, during the digging of the trenches, and going the rounds of the outposts, they would not tolerate, in any of their number, either complaint or shirking work. When things got easier I put up my tent and lived a little apart, for it is a mistake for an officer ever to grow too familiar with his men, no matter how good they are; and it is of course the greatest possible mistake to seek popularity either by showing weakness or by mollycoddling the men. They will never respect a commander who does not enforce discipline, who does not know his duty, and who is not willing both himself to encounter and to make them encounter every species of danger and hardship when necessary. The soldiers who do not feel this way are not worthy of the name and should be handled with iron severity until they become fighting men and not shams. In return the officer should carefully look after his men, should see that they are well fed and well sheltered, and that, no matter how much they may grumble, they keep the camp thoroughly policed. I was very much touched by the devotion my men showed to me. After they had once become convinced that I would

share their hardships, they made it a point that I should not suffer any hardships at all; and I really had an extremely easy time. Whether I had any food or not myself made no difference, as there were sure to be certain troopers, and, indeed, certain troop messes, on the lookout for me. If they had any beans they would send me over a cupful, or I would suddenly receive a present of doughnuts from some ex-roundup cook who had succeeded in obtaining a little flour and sugar, and if a man shot a guinea-hen it was all I could do to make him keep half of it for himself. Wright, the colour sergeant, and Henry Bardshar, my orderly, always pitched and struck my tent and built me a bunk of bamboo poles, whenever we changed camp. So I personally endured very little discomfort; for, of course, no one minded the two or three days preceding or following each fight, when we all had to get along as best we could. Indeed, as long as we were under fire or in the immediate presence of the enemy, and I had plenty to do, there was nothing of which I could legitimately complain; and what I really did regard as hardships, my men did not object to — for later on, when we had some leisure, I would have given much for complete solitude and some good books.

HEROES OF THE SEA AND POLAR EXPLORATION

ADMIRAL WILLIAM S. SIMS
War-time Commander, of Our Overseas Fleet

ROBERT EDWIN PEARY
Discoverer of the North Pole

ROALD AMUNDSEN
Discoverer of the South Pole

ROBERT FALCON SCOTT
Martyred Hero of the Antarctic

WILLIAM SOWDEN SIMS

[Admiral William Sowden Sims was born in 1858 at Fort Hope, Ontario, and graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1880. He was promoted through the various grades to Commander in 1907, Captain in 1911, Rear-Admiral in January, 1917, and then within the same year Vice-Admiral, and finally full Admiral commanding the American naval forces which were pitted against Germany during the great war. His remarkably vivid personality, together with his outstanding ability, brought him early to the attention of President Roosevelt. He served on the North Atlantic, Pacific, and China stations, and as attaché at the American Embassy in Paris and St. Petersburg from 1897 to 1900 laid the ground work for much of the semi-diplomatic duties which he had later to perform. He saw service in China during the Boxer Rebellion, and there became acquainted with the British Admiral Jellicoe with whom he was later so closely associated in the great war. Sims first came into the limelight when, in his famous Guildhall speech in London in 1910, he assured his British audience with his usual bluntness and enthusiasm (and foresight) that the time would come when the United States would stand at the side of Great Britain in a war against a common enemy. This bold speech roused quite a storm on this side of the Atlantic, particularly among those elements that were perennially unfriendly to Great Britain. From 1902 to 1909, Sims was inspector of target practice to the Bureau of Navigation. He commanded the battleship *Minnesota* from 1909 to 1911, was then member of the staff of the Naval War College from 1911 to 1913, and was in command of the Atlantic Torpedo Flotilla from 1913 to 1915. On July 16, 1916, he became commandant of the naval station at Narragansett Bay, and President of the Naval War College at Newport. The Presidency of this institution is as high a tribute as can be paid to the mentality and ability of a naval officer. Shortly before the United States entered the great war, Admiral Sims went as special naval representative and observer to England. His able conduct of the naval war created a profound impression not only on the British and Allied naval experts, but on the heads of the

various Allied governments as well. His work, as may be gleaned from his modest autobiography, contributed materially to the winning of the war. The pages that follow contain excerpts from "The Victory at Sea," written by Admiral Sims in collaboration with Burton J. Hendrick and published by Doubleday, Page & Co. For this work the co-authors were jointly awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best work of its kind of the year.]

Sims Meets Jellicoe

On the day of my arrival in London I had my first interview with Admiral Jellicoe, who was at that time the First Sea Lord. Admiral Jellicoe and I needed no introduction. I had known him for many years and for a considerable period we had been more or less regular correspondents. I had first made his acquaintance in China in 1901; at that time Jellicoe was a captain and was already recognised as one of the coming men of the British Navy. He was an expert in ordnance and gunnery, a subject in which I was greatly interested: and this fact had brought us together and made us friends. The admiration which I had then conceived for the Admiral's character and intelligence I have never lost.

After the usual greetings, Admiral Jellicoe took a paper out of his drawer and handed it to me. It was a record of tonnage losses for the last few months. This showed that the total sinkings, British and neutral, had reached 536,000 tons in February and 603,000 in March; it further disclosed that sinkings were taking place in April which indicated the destruction of nearly 900,000 tons. These figures indicated that the losses were

three and four times as large as those which were then being published in the press.

It is expressing it mildly to say that I was surprised by this disclosure. I was fairly astounded; for I had never imagined anything so terrible. I expressed my consternation to Admiral Jellicoe.

"Yes," he said, as quietly as though he were discussing the weather and not the future of the British Empire. "It is impossible for us to go on with the war if losses like this continue."

"What are you doing about it?" I asked.

"Everything that we can. We are increasing our anti-submarine forces in every possible way. We are using every possible craft we can find with which to fight submarines. We are building destroyers, trawlers, and other like craft as fast as we can. But the situation is very serious and we shall need all of the assistance we can get."

"It looks as though the Germans were winning the war," I remarked.

"They will win, unless we can stop these losses—and stop them soon," the Admiral replied.

"Is there no solution for the problem?" I asked.

"Absolutely none that we can see now," Jellicoe announced.

His Impressions of King George V

I met His Majesty first in the vestibule of St. Paul's, on that memorable occasion in April, 1917, when the English people held a thanksgiving service to commemorate America's entrance into the war. Then, as at several subsequent meetings, the

King impressed me as a simple, courteous, unaffected English gentleman. He was dressed in khaki, like any other English officer, and his manner was warm-hearted, sincere, and even democratic.

"It gives me great pleasure to meet you on an occasion like this," said His Majesty, referring to the great Anglo-American memorial service. "I am also glad to greet an American admiral on such a mission as yours. And I wish you all success."

On that occasion we naturally had little time to discuss the submarines, but a few days afterwards I was invited to spend the night at Windsor Castle. The King in his own home proved to be even more cordial, if that were possible, than at our first meeting. After dinner we adjourned to a small room and there, over our cigars, we discussed the situation at considerable length. The King is a rapid and animated talker; he was kept constantly informed on the submarine situation, and discussed it that night in all its details. I was at first surprised by his familiarity with all naval questions and the intimate touch which he was evidently maintaining with the British fleet. Yet this was not really surprising, for His Majesty himself is a sailor; in his early youth he joined the navy, in which he worked up like any other British boy. He seemed almost as well informed about the American Navy as about the British; he displayed the utmost interest in our preparations on land and sea, and he was particularly solicitous that I, as the American representative, should have complete

access to the Admiralty Office. About the submarine campaign, the King was just as outspoken as Jellicoe and the other members of the Admiralty. The thing must be stopped, or the Allies could never win the war.

His Impressions of Lloyd George

I attended a small dinner at which the Premier was present four days after the Germans had made their terrible attack in March, 1918. Even on this occasion he showed no evidences of strain; as usual his animated spirits held the upper hand; he was talking incessantly, but he never even mentioned the subject that was absorbing the thoughts of the rest of the world at that moment; instead, he rattled along, touching upon the Irish question, discussing the impression which Irish conscription would make in America, and, now and then, pausing to pass some bantering remark to Mr. Balfour. This was the way that I always saw the head of the British Government; never did I meet him when he was fagged or discouraged, or when he saw any end to the war but a favourable one.

On several occasions I attempted to impress Mr. Lloyd George with the gravity of the situation; he always refused to acknowledge that it was grave.

"Oh, yes, things are bad," he would say with a smile and a sweep of his hand. "But we shall get the best of the submarines—never fear!"

The cheerfulness of the Prime Minister, however, was exceptional; all his associates hardly concealed their apprehension.

Sims's Famous Guildhall Speech

One circumstance gave a particular appropriateness to the fact that I commanded these forces. In 1910 I had visited England as captain of the battleship *Minnesota*, a unit in a fleet which was then cruising in British and French waters. It was apparent even at that time that preparations were under way for a European war; on every hand there were plenty of evidences that Germany was determined to play her great stroke for the domination of the world. In a report to the Admiral commanding our division I gave it as my opinion that the great European war would begin within four years. In a speech at the Guildhall, where 800 of our sailors were entertained at lunch by the Lord Mayor, Sir Vezey Strong, I used the words which involved me in a good deal of trouble at the time and which have been much quoted since. The statement then made was purely the inspiration of the moment; it came from the heart, not from the head; probably the evidences that Germany was stealthily preparing her great blow had something to do with my outburst. I certainly spoke without any authorisation from my government, and realised at once that I had committed a great indiscretion. "If the time should ever come," I said, "when the British Empire is menaced by a European coalition, Great Britain can rely upon the last ship, the last dollar, the last man, and the last drop of blood of her kindred beyond the sea." It is not surprising that the appearance of American ships, commanded by the

American who had spoken these words seven years before, strongly appealed to the British sense of the dramatic. Indeed, it struck the British people as a particularly happy fulfilment of prophecy. These sentences were used as an introduction to the moving picture film showing the arrival of our first destroyer division, and for weeks after reaching England I could hardly pick up a newspaper without these words of my Guildhall speech staring me in the face.

Of course, any American admiral then commanding American naval forces in European waters would have been acclaimed as the living symbol of Anglo-American coöperation; and it was simply as the representative of the American people and the American Navy that the British people received me so appreciatively. At first the appearance of our uniforms aroused much curiosity; our tightly fitting blouses were quite different from the British sack coats, and few people in London, in fact, knew who we were. After our photographs had appeared in the press, however, the people always recognised us on the streets. And then something quite unusual happened. That naval and military men should salute my staff and me was to have been expected but that civilians should show this respect for the American uniform was really unprecedented. Yet we were frequently greeted in this way. It indicated, almost more than anything else, how deeply affected the British people were by America's entrance into the war. All classes and all ages showed this same respect and gratitude to

our country. Necessarily, I had to attend many public dinners and even to make many speeches; the people gathered on such occasions always rose en masse as a tribute to the uniform which I wore. Sometimes such meetings were composed of Boy Scouts, of schoolboys or schoolgirls, of munition workers, of journalists, or of statesmen; and all, irrespective of age or social station or occupation, seemed delighted to pay respect to the American Navy. There were many evidences of interest in the "American Admiral" that were really affecting. Thus one day a message came from Lady Roberts, widow of the great soldier, Field Marshal Earl Roberts, saying that she was desirous of meeting the "American Admiral." I was very glad to go out in the country and spend a Sunday afternoon with her. This charming, white-haired old lady was very feeble, and had to spend most of her time in a wheelchair. But her mind was bright as ever, and she had been following the war with the closest attention. She listened with keen interest as I told her all about the submarines, and she asked innumerable questions concerning them. She was particularly affected when she spoke about the part the United States was playing in the war, and remarked how much our participation would have delighted the Field Marshal.

The King's Interest in Americans

I have already given my first impressions of Their Majesties the King and Queen, and time only confirmed them. Neither ever missed an op-

portunity to show their appreciation of the part that we were playing. The zeal with which the King entered into the celebration of our Fourth of July made him very popular with all our men. He even cultivated a taste for our national game. Certain of our early contingents of soldiers encamped near Windsor; here they immediately laid out a baseball diamond and daily engaged in their favourite sport. The royal family used to watch our men at their play, became interested in the game, and soon learned to follow it. The Duke of Connaught and the Princess Patricia, his daughter, had learned baseball through their several years' residence in Canada, and could watch a match with all the understanding and enthusiasm of an American "fan." As our sailors and soldiers arrived in greater numbers, the interest and friendliness of the royal family increased. One of the King's most delightful traits is his sense of humour. The Queen also showed a great fondness for stories, and I particularly remember her amusement at the famous remark of the Australians—perhaps the most ferocious combatants on the Western Front —about the American soldier, "a good fighter, but a little rough." Of all the anecdotes connected with our men, none delighted King George so much as those concerning our coloured troops. A whole literature of Negro yarns spread rapidly over Europe; most of them, I find, have long since reached the United States. The most lasting impression which I retain of the head of the British Empire is that he is very much of a human being.

He loved just about the same things which the normal American or Englishman loved—his family, his friends, his country, a good story, a pleasant evening with congenial associates. And he had precisely the same earnestness about the war which one found in every properly constituted Briton or American; the victories of the Allies exhilarated King George just as they exhilarated the man in the street, and their defeats saddened him just as they saddened the humblest citizen. I found in His Majesty that same solemn sense of comradeship with America which I found in the English civilians who saluted the American uniform on the street.

As an evidence of the exceedingly cordial relations existing between the two navies the Admiralty proposed, in the latter part of May, that I should assume Admiral Bayly's command for several days while he took a little vacation on the west coast of Ireland. Admiral Bayly was the Commander-in-Chief of all the British forces operating on the Irish coast. This command thus included far more than that at Queenstown; it comprised several naval stations and the considerable naval forces in Irish waters. Never before, so I was informed, had a foreign naval officer commanded British naval forces in time of war. So far as exercising any control over sea operations was concerned, this invitation was not particularly important. Matters were running smoothly at the Queenstown station; Admiral Bayly's second in command could easily have kept the machine in working order; it was hardly likely, in the few days that I was to

command, that any changes in policy would be initiated. The British Admiralty merely took this way of showing a great courtesy to the American Navy, and of emphasising to the world the excellent relations that existed between the two services. The act was intended to symbolise the fact that the British and the American navies were really one in the thoroughness of their coöperation in subduing the Prussian menace. Incidentally, the British probably hoped that the publication of this news in the German press would not be without effect in Germany. On June 18th, therefore, I went to Queenstown, and hoisted my flag on the staff in front of Admiralty House. I had some hesitation in doing this, for American navy regulations stipulate that an Admiral's flag shall be raised only on a ship afloat, but Admiral Bayly was insistent that his flag should come down and that mine should go up, and I decided that this technicality might be waived. The incident aroused great interest in England, but it started many queer rumours in Queenstown. One was that Admiral Bayly and I had quarrelled, the British Admiral, strangely enough, having departed in high dudgeon and left me serenely in control. Another was that I had come to Queenstown, seized the reins out of Admiral Bayly's hands, thrown him out of the country, and taken over the government of Ireland on behalf of the United States, which had now determined to free the island from British oppression! However, in a few days Admiral Bayly returned and all went on as before.

The Idea Which Saved the Allies

On April 30th I received a message from Admiral Jellicoe requesting me to visit him at the Admiralty. When I arrived he said that the projected study of the convoy system had been made and he handed me a copy of it. It had been decided to send one experimental convoy from Gibraltar. The Admiralty, he added, had not yet definitely decided that the convoy system should be adopted, but there was every intention of giving it a thorough and fair trial. That same evening at dinner I met Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Edward Carson, and Lord Milner and once more discussed with them the whole convoy idea. I found the Prime Minister especially favourable to the plan and, in fact, civilians in general were more kindly disposed towards the convoy than seamen, because they were less familiar with the nautical and shipping difficulties which it involved.

Naval officers were immediately sent to Gibraltar to instruct the merchant masters in the details of assembling and conducting vessels. Eight-knot ships were selected for the experiment, and a number of destroyers were assigned for their protection. The merchant captains, as was to be expected, regarded the whole enterprise suspiciously, but entered into it with the proper spirit.

On May 20th that first convoy arrived at its English destination in perfect condition. The success with which it made the voyage disproved all the pessimistic opinions which the merchant sailors

had entertained about themselves. They suddenly discovered, as I had contended, that they could do practically everything which, in their conferences with the Admiralty, they had declared that they were unable to do. In those meetings they had asserted that not more than two ships could keep station; but now they discovered that the whole convoy could sail with stipulated distances between the vessels and keep this information with little difficulty. They were drilled on the way in zigzagging and manœuvring—a practice carried out subsequently with all convoys—and by the time they reached the danger zone they found that, in obedience to a prearranged signal, all the ships could turn as a single one, and perform all the zigzag evolutions which the situation demanded. They had asserted that they could not sail at night without lights, and that an attempt to do so would result in many collisions, but the experimental convoy proved that this was merely another case of self-delusion. Naturally the arrival of this convoy caused the greatest satisfaction in the Admiralty, but the most delighted men were the merchant captains themselves, for the whole thing was to them a complete revelation of their seamanly ability, and naturally it flattered their pride. The news of this arrival naturally travelled fast in shipping circles; it completely changed the attitude of the merchant sailors, and the chief opponents of the convoy now became its most enthusiastic advocates.

Outside of shipping circles, however, nothing about this convoy was known at that time. Yet

May 20th, the date when it reached England safely, marked one of the great turning points of the war. That critical voyage meant nothing less than that the Allies had found the way of defeating the German submarine.

How a Modern Naval Commander-in-Chief Works

I find that many people are surprised that I had my headquarters in London. The historic conception of the commander-in-chief of a naval force located on the quarter-deck of his flagship still holds the popular imagination. But controlling the operations of extensive and widely dispersed forces in a campaign of this kind is quite a different proceeding from that of directing the naval campaigns of Nelson's time, just as making war on land has changed somewhat from the method in vogue with Napoleon. The opinion generally prevails that my principal task was to command in person certain naval forces afloat. The fact is that this was really no part of my job during the war. The game in which several great nations were engaged for four years was a game involving organised direction and coöperation. It is improbable that any one nation could have won the naval war; that was a task which demanded not only that we should all exert our fullest energies, but that, so far as it was humanly possible, we should exert them as a unit. It was the duty of the United States above all nations to manifest this spirit. We had entered the war late; we had en-

tered it in a condition of unpreparedness; our naval forces, when compared to whose which had been assembled by the Allies, were small; we had not been engaged for three years combating an enemy using new weapons and methods of naval warfare. It was not unlikely that we could make some original contributions to the Allied effort; indeed, we early did so; yet it was natural to suppose that the navies which had been combating the submarines so long understood that game better than did we, and it was our duty to assist them in this work rather than to operate independently. Moreover, this question as to whether any particular one of our methods might be better or might be worse than Great Britain's was not the most important one. The point was that the British Navy had developed its own methods of working and that it was a great "going concern." The crisis was so pressing that we simply did not have the time to create a separate force of our own; the most cursory examination of conditions convinced me that we could hope to accomplish something worth while only by playing the game as it was then being played, and that any attempt to lay down new rules would inevitably decrease the effectiveness of our coöperation, and perhaps result in losing the war.

We can even admit, for the sake of the argument, that the Americans might have created a better organisation than the British; but the question of improving on their methods, or of not improving on them, was a point that was not worth considering; long before we could have developed an effi-

cient independent machine the war would have come to an end. It was thus our duty to take things as they were, to plunge immediately into the conflict, and to make every ship and every man tell in the most effective way and in the shortest possible time. Therefore I decided that our forces should become, for the purpose of this war, virtually a part of the Allied navies; to place at the disposal of the Allies our ships to reinforce the weak part of their lines; to ignore such secondary considerations as national pride, naval prestige, and personal ambitions; and to subordinate every other consideration to that of defeating the Hun. I have already described how in distributing our subchasers I practically placed them at the disposal of the Allied Council; and this represents the policy that was followed in all similar matters.

Incidentally, there was an atmosphere in the London Admiralty which made a strong appeal to any one who is interested in naval history. Everything about the place is reminiscent of great naval achievements. The room in which our councils met was the same old Admiralty Board room that had been used for centuries. In accordance with the spirit of British conservatism, this room is almost exactly the same now, even in its furnishings, as it was in Nelson's time. The same old wood carvings hang over the same old fireplace; the table at which we sat is the identical one at which Nelson must have sat many times, and the very silver inkstand which Nelson used was used by his successors in this war. The portrait of this great

naval chieftain looked down upon us during our deliberations. Above the fireplace is painted a huge compass, and about the centre of this swings an arrow. This was a part of the Admiralty equipment of a hundred years ago, though it has no usefulness now except a sentimental one. In old days this arrow was geared to a weather vane on the roof of the Admiralty, and it constantly showed to the chiefs assembled in the council room the direction of the wind—a matter of great importance in the days of sailing ships.

All general orders and plans concerning the naval operations of British and American forces came from the Admiralty, and here officers of my staff were constantly at work. The commanders-in-chief at the various bases commanded the combined British and American ships based on those ports only in the sense that they carried out the general instructions and policies which were formulated in London. These orders, so far as they affected American forces, could be issued to the commanders-in-chief only after American headquarters in London had viséd them. Thus the American staff held the ultimate command over all the American forces which were based in British waters. The same was true of those at Brest, Gibraltar, and other stations. The commanders-in-chief executed them, and were responsible for the manner in which the forces were used in combating the enemy. The operations of which I was the commander extended over an immense area. The Plymouth and Queenstown forces represented

only a part of the ultimate American naval strength in European waters and not the most important part; before the war ended, Brest, as I shall show, developed into a greater naval base than any of those which we maintained in the British Isles. Convoys were not only coming across the Atlantic but they were constantly arriving from the Mediterranean and from the South Seas, and it was the duty of headquarters in London, and not the duty of local commanders, to route these precious argosies, except in special cases, just before they reached their port of destination. Not infrequently, as previously described, it was necessary to change destinations, or to slow down convoys, or to make any number of decisions based on new information; naturally, only the centre of information, the Admiralty convoy room, could serve as a clearing house for such operations.

The point is that it was necessary for me to exercise the chief command of American forces through subordinates. My position in this respect was precisely the same as that of Generals Haig and Pershing; I had to maintain a great headquarters in the rear, and to depend upon subordinates for the actual execution of orders.

A Unique Department of Strategy

One of our departments was so novel, and performed such valuable service, that I must describe it in some detail. We took over into our London organisation an idea that is advantageously used in many American industrial establishments, and

had a Planning Section, the first, I think, which had ever been adopted by any navy. I detached from all other duties five officers: Captain F. H. Schofield, Captain D. W. Knox, Captain H. E. Yarnell (who exchanged places afterwards with Captain L. McNamee of the Plans Section of the Navy Department), and Colonel R. H. Dunlap (of the Marines), who was succeeded by Colonel L. McC. Little, when ordered to command a regiment of Marines in France. These men made it their business to advise the Commander-in-Chief on any questions that might arise. All were graduates of the Naval War College at Newport, and they applied to the consideration of war problems the lessons which they had learned at that institution. The business of the Planning Section was to make studies of particular problems, to prepare plans for future operations, and also to criticise fully the organisation and methods which were already in existence. The fact that these men had no administrative duties and that they could therefore devote all their time to surveying our operations, discovering mistakes, and suggesting better ways of doing things, as well as the fact that they were themselves scholarly students of naval warfare, made their labours exceedingly valuable. I gave them the utmost freedom in finding fault with the existing regime; there was no department and no office, from that of the Commander-in-Chief down, upon whose activities they were not at liberty to submit the fullest and the frankest reports. If anything could be done in a better way, we cer-

tainly wanted to know it. Whenever any specific problem of importance came up, it was always submitted to these men for a report. The value of such a report depended upon the completeness and accuracy of the information available, and it was the business of the Intelligence Department of the staff to supply this. If the desired information was not in their files, or the files of the Allied admiralties, or was not up to date, it was their duty to obtain it at once. The point is that the Planning Section had no other duties beyond rendering a decision, based upon a careful analysis of the facts bearing upon the case, which they submitted in writing. There was no phase of the naval warfare upon which the officers of the Planning Section did not give us reports. One of their favourite methods was to place themselves in the position of the Germans and to decide how, if they were directing German naval operations, they would frustrate the tactics of the Allies. Their records contain detailed descriptions of how merchant ships could be sunk by submarines, and these methods, our officers believed, represented a great improvement over those used by the Germans. Indeed, I think that many of these reports, had they fallen into the hands of the Germans, would have been found by them exceedingly useful. There was a general impression, in our own navy as well as in the British, that most of the German submarine commanders handled their boats unskilfully and obtained inadequate results. All these documents were given to the responsible men in our forces, as

well as to the British, and had a considerable influence upon operations. The British also established a Planning Section, which worked harmoniously with our own.

A subject upon which our Planning Section liked to speculate was the possible sortie of the German fleet. The possibility of a great naval engagement filled the minds of most naval officers; and, after we had sent five of our battleships to reinforce Admiral Beatty's fleet, this topic became even more interesting to American naval men. Would the Germans ever come out? What had they to gain or to lose by such an undertaking? What were their chances of victory? Where would the engagement be fought, and what part would the several elements of modern naval warfare play in it: mines, submarines, battle cruisers, airplanes, dirigibles, and destroyers? These were among the questions with which the Planning Section busied itself, and this problem, like many others, they approached from the German standpoint. They placed themselves in the position of the German High Command, and peered into the Grand Fleet looking for a weakness, which, had they been Germans, they might turn to account in a general engagement. The only weak spot our Planning Section could find was one which reflected the greatest credit upon the British forces. The British commander, Admiral Sir David Beatty, was a particularly dashing and heroic fighter; could not these splendid qualities really be turned to the advantage of the Germans? That Admiral Beatty

would fight at the first opportunity, and that he would run all justifiable risks, if a chance presented of defeating the German fleet, was as well known to the Germans as to ourselves. The British Admiral, it was also known, did not entertain much respect for mines and torpedoes. All navies possessed what was known as a "torpedo flag." This was an emblem which was to be displayed in case torpedoes were sighted, for the purpose of warning the ships to change course or, if necessary, to desist from an attack. It was generally reported that Admiral Beatty had ordered all these torpedo flags destroyed; in case he once started in pursuit of the German fleet, he proposed to take his chances, dive straight through a school of approaching torpedoes, or even to rush full speed over a mine field, making no efforts to avoid these hidden dangers. That he would probably lose some ships the Admiral well knew, but he figured—and probably correctly—that he would certainly have enough vessels left to annihilate the enemy. Still, in the judgment of our Planning Section, Admiral Beatty's assumed attitude toward "torpedo flags" gave the Germans their only possible chance of seriously injuring the Grand Fleet. They drew up a plan of attack on the Scapa Flow forces based upon this assumption. Imagining themselves directors of the German Navy, they constructed large numbers of torpedo boats, submarines, and mine fields and stationed them in a particularly advantageous position; they then proposed to send the German fleet in the direction of Scapa Flow, draw the Grand Fleet to

the attack, and then lead it in the direction of the torpedoes and mines. Probably such a scheme would never have succeeded; but it represented, in the opinion of our Planning group, Germany's only chance of crippling the Grand Fleet and winning the war. In other words, had my staff found itself in Germany's position, that is the strategy which it would probably have used. I gave this report unofficially to the British Admiralty simply because I thought it might afford British officers reading that would possibly be entertaining. It is an evidence of the coöperation that existed between the two forces, and of the British disposition to accept suggestions, that this document was immediately sent to Admiral Beatty.

Value of the Allied Naval Council

It is evident that the element necessary to success was that the earliest and most complete possible information should be followed by prompt decision and action; and it is manifest that these requirements could have been satisfied only by a council which was fully informed and which was on the spot momentarily ready to act. The Allied Naval Council responded to all these requirements. One of my first duties, after my arrival, was to attend one of these councils in Paris; and immediately afterward the meetings became much more frequent.

Not only were the proceedings interesting because of the vast importance of the issues which were discussed, but because they brought me into

intimate contact with some of the ablest minds in the European navies. Over the first London councils Admiral Jellicoe presided. I have already given my first impressions of this admirable sailor; subsequent events only increased my respect for his character and abilities. An English woman once described Admiral Jellicoe as "a great gentleman"; it is a description upon which I can hardly improve.

Sims's Impressions of Wartime Leaders

The First Lord, Sir Eric Geddes, though he was by profession an engineer and had been transferred from the business of building roads and assuring the communications behind the armies in France to become the civilian head of the British Navy, acquired, in an astonishingly short time, a mastery of the details of naval administration. Sir Eric is a type of man that we like to think of as American; perhaps that fact that he had received his business training in this country, and had served an apprenticeship on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, strengthened this impression. The habitués of the National Sporting Club in London—of whom I was one—used to look reproachfully at the giant figure of the First Lord; in their opinion he had sadly missed his calling. His mighty frame, his hard and supple muscles, his power of vigorous and rapid movement, his keen eye and his quick wit—these qualities, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, would have made this stupendous Briton one of the greatest heavyweight prize fighters in

the annals of pugilism. With a little training I am sure that Sir Eric would even now make a creditable showing in the professional ring. However, the paths of this business man and statesman lay in other fields. After returning from America he had had a brilliant business career in England; he represented the type which we call "self-made men"; that is, he fought his way to the top without the aid of influential friends. His elevation to the Admiralty, in succession to Sir Edward Carson, was something new in British public life, for Sir Eric had never dabbled in politics, and, until the war started, he was practically unknown in political circles. But this crisis in British affairs made it necessary for the Ministry to "draft" the most capable executives in the nation, irrespective of political considerations; and Sir Eric, therefore, quite naturally found himself at the head of the navy. In a short time he had acquired a knowledge of the naval situation which enabled him to preside over an international naval council with a very complete grasp of all the problems which were presented. I have heard the great naval specialists who attended say that, had they not known the real fact, they would hardly have suspected that Sir Eric was not a naval man. We admired not only his ability to direct the course of discussion, and even to take an important part in it, but also his skill at summing up the results of the whole proceeding in a few terse and masterly phrases. In fine, the First Lord was a man after Roosevelt's heart—big, athletic, energetic, with a

genius for reaching the kernel of a question and of getting things done.

When it came to facility of exposition, however, we Anglo-Saxons made a poor showing in comparison with most French naval officers and in particular with Admirals Lacaze and de Bon. Both these gentlemen represented the Gallic type in its finest aspects. After spending a few months with Rear-Admiral Lacaze, it was easy to understand the real affection which all French naval officers felt for him. He is a small, slight man, with a gray, pointed beard, and he possesses that earnestness of spirit, that courtesy of manner, and that sympathy and charm which we regard as the finest attributes of the cultured Frenchman. Admiral Lacaze has also a genuine French facility of speech and that precision of statement which is so characteristic of the French intellect. A slight acquaintance would make one believe that Admiral Lacaze would be a model husband and father, perhaps grandfather; it was with surprise, however, that I learned that he was a bachelor, but I am sure that he is that kind of bachelor who is an uncle to all of the children of his acquaintance. As Minister of Marine, he was the presiding officer of the council when it met in Paris.

In Vice-Admiral de Bon, chief of the French naval staff, Admiral Lacaze had a worthy colleague; he was really a man of heroic mould, and he certainly looked the part. His white hair and his white beard, cut square, gave at first glance an impression of age; yet his clear pink skin, not ruffled

by a trace of wrinkle, his erect figure, his bright eyes, the vigour of his conversation and the energy of his movements, betokened rather perpetual youth. Compared with the naval forces of Great Britain, the French Navy was of inconsiderable size, but in Admiral de Bon it made a contribution to Allied naval strength which was worth many dreadnaughts.

The reputation of this man has scarcely reached this side of the Atlantic; yet it was the general opinion of practically all naval men that his was the keenest mind at the Allied Naval Council. It was certainly the most persuasive in argument; and the one that had most influence in determining our conclusions. Not that there was anything about this great French Sailor that was arrogant or offensively self-assertive. On the contrary, his manner was all compact of charm and courtesy. He was about the most persuasive person I have ever met. Whenever an important matter arose, there was some influence that made us turn instinctively to Admiral de Bon for enlightenment; and, when he rose to talk, the council hung upon his every word. For the man was a consummate orator. Those who understood French even slightly had little difficulty in following the Admiral, for he spoke his delightful language with a precision, a neatness of phrase, and a clearness of enunciation which made every syllable intelligible. So perfect did these speeches seem that one would have suspected that Admiral de Bon had composed them at his leisure, but this was not the case; the man apparently had

only to open his mouth, and his speech spontaneously flowed forth; he never hesitated for a word. And his words were not only eloquent, but, as I have said, they were full of substance. The charm which he manifested on these public occasions he carried likewise into his domestic life. Whenever the council met in Paris the Admiral's delightful wife and daughters entertained us at luncheon—an experience which caused many of us to regret that it did not always meet in that city.

ROBERT EDWIN PEARY

At the North Pole

[Commander R. E. Peary, U. S. N., discoverer of the North Pole, commanded eight Arctic expeditions.

In July, 1905, in the S. S. *Roosevelt*, built by the Peary Arctic Club, he sailed north and returned in October, 1906, having reached 87° 6′ North latitude. In a book, "Nearest the Pole," published and copyrighted in 1907 by Doubleday, Page & Co., he told the story of that expedition, and from that book the fifteen pages that immediately follow are taken.

On his last expedition he started in July, 1908, once again in the *Roosevelt*. He established a winter base at Cape Sheridan on September 5, 1908, which he left, with five detachments, February 15, 1909. One after another these were sent back, the fourth leaving Peary near the 88th parallel. From here, with one member of the crew—the Negro, Matthew Henson—and four Eskimos, he made the final dash of 130 miles over the Arctic ice and after five days reached the North Pole on April 6, 1909. The story of this last expedition is described in Peary's book, "The North Pole," published and copyrighted in 1910 by F. A. Stokes Company, through whose courtesy the later pages are here reprinted.

Peary was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral and given the thanks of Congress in 1911. He died February 20, 1920.]

FIRST BATTLE WITH THE ICE

The turn of the tide the morning of the 28th August, 1905, set us out again, and, impatient of the delay, and encouraged by the behavior of the *Roosevelt* in crossing the channel at Cape Calhoun, fires were cleaned, machinery thoroughly inspected, and at 4.30 A. M. the *Roosevelt* was driven out for another contest with the channel

pack in which at the time no pool or lane of water was visible.

Just off the point of Sumner a brief nip between two big blue floes which the swift current was swinging past the Cape, set the *Roosevelt* vibrating like a violin string for a minute or so before she rose to the pressure.

From this we pushed out and began the attempt to cross to the west side, through ice almost continuously up to our plank sheer and frequently of such height that the boats swinging from the deck house davits had to be swung inboard to clear the pinnacles. The delay and inaction of the past five days had become unendurable.

The *Roosevelt* fought like a gladiator, turning, twisting, straining with all her force, smashing her full weight against the heavy floes whenever we could get room for a rush, and rearing upon them like a steeple-chaser taking a fence. Ah, the thrill and tension of it, the lust of battle, which crowded days of ordinary life into one.

The forward rush, the gathering speed and momentum, the crash, the upward heave, the grating snarl of the ice as the steel-shod stem split it as a mason's hammer splits granite, or trod it under, or sent it right and left in whirling fragments, followed by the violent roll, the backward rebound, and then the gathering for another rush, were glorious.

At other times, the blue face of a big floe as high as the plank sheer grinding against either

side, and the ship inching her way through, her frames creaking with the pressure, the big engines down aft running like sewing-machines, and the twelve-inch steel shaft whirling the wide-bladed propeller, till its impulse was no more to be denied than the force of gravity.

At such times everyone on deck hung with breathless interest on our movement, and as Bartlett and I clung in the rigging I heard him whisper through teeth clinched from the purely physical tension of the throbbing ship under us: "Give it to 'em, Teddy, give it to 'em!"

More than once did a fireman come panting on deck for a breath of air, look over the side, mutter to himself, "By G——she's got to go through!" then drop into the stoke-hole, with the result a moment later of an extra belch of black smoke from the stack, and an added turn or two to the propeller.

At midnight all that could be said was that we were nearer the west side than the east, and steadily drifting southward with the pack. I quote from my journal: "Slow and heart-breaking work. The *Roosevelt* is a splendid ice-fighter and if she had her full boiler power she would be irresistible. The ice is very heavy, in large floes, some of them several miles in diameter and their edges sheer walls of blue adamant. I shall be glad when we are through." In one of her charges the *Roosevelt* left a considerable piece of the stem just under the figure-head as a souvenir upon the top of a berg-

piece which she was obliged to butt out of her path. In another, a blue floe twelve to fifteen feet in thickness was split fairly in two.

AN ALARMING ATTACK: ESCAPE IN SAFETY

About 10 P. M. of the 16th September, 1905, as I was on the bridge taking a look about before turning in, a large floe, moving on the flood-tide, pivoted around the point of Sheridan and crashed into the smaller ice about the ship, driving it bodily before it. At the first shock the *Roosevelt* reeled and shook a bit, then heeled slightly toward the crowding ice and turned it under her starboard bilge. Standing on the starboard end of the bridge and looking down upon the ice the sensation was much like that of being on a large sledge moving over the ice, so rapidly did the rounding side of the *Roosevelt* turn the ice under her. Once or twice she hung for an instant and quivered with the strain, then heeled and turned the ice under again. This continued until a corner of the floe itself, some portions of which were higher than the rail, came full against the *Roosevelt's* starboard side amidships, with no intervening cushion of smaller ice and held the ship mercilessly between its own blue side and the unyielding face of the ice-foot. Its slow resistless motion was frightful yet fascinating; thousands of tons of smaller ice which the big floe drove before it, the *Roosevelt* had easily and gracefully turned under her

sloping bilges, but the edge of the big floe rose to the plank sheer and a few yards back from its edges, was an old pressure ridge which rose higher than the bridge deck. This was the crucial moment. For a minute or so, which seemed an age, the pressure was terrific. The *Roosevelt's* ribs and interior bracing cracked like the discharge of musketry; the deck amidships bulged up several inches, while the main rigging hung slack and the masts and rigging shook as in a violent gale. Then with a mighty tremor and a sound which reminded me of an athlete intaking his breath for a supreme effort, the ship shook herself free and jumped upward till her propeller showed above water. The big floe snapped against the edge of the ice-foot forward and aft and under us, crumpling up its edge and driving it in-shore some yards, then came to rest, and the commotion was transferred to the outer edge of the floe which crumbled away with a dull roar, as other floes smashed against it, and tore off great pieces in their onward rush, leaving the *Roosevelt* stranded but safe.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE AN ARCTIC EXPLORER

Besides my anxiety in regard to the *Roosevelt*, which in comparison was of minor importance, I was in a constant state of apprehension in regard to the dogs. Each party coming from the interior brought reports of additional deaths,

among these animals, until their number was reduced to the danger limit below which it would be impossible for me to carry out essential features of the spring campaign.

In spite of these anxieties, however, my freedom from minor annoyances afforded me time and suitable frame of mind to devise new methods and items of equipment which assisted materially later on. Among the latter was a quick-acting alcohol camp stove, built upon a new principle; and among the former a plan of campaign and method of advance which possesses valuable possibilities, and which had it not been for the unusual ice conditions marking the year, and particularly the disruption of the pack by the April storm, would have enabled us to grasp the prize which was the object of the expedition.

Mingled with this work and these plans and anxieties, were times for thoughts and impressions some of which will be given here even though they may interest no one but myself, because to every normal mind they are as much a part of the arctic winter nights as the ice, the darkness, and the cold. Moments of exultation and moments of depression. Moments of eager impatience when I wished that the day for the departure north might be to-morrow. Moments of foreboding when I dreaded its arrival. Moments of sanguine hopes, others of darkest misgivings. Thoughts and memories of the home land, dreams and plans for the future.

At times the days seemed to rush by with the velocity of the flood-tide past Sheridan, at others they were as tardy as if moored to a rock.

I quote from my Journal:

March 18, 1906.—Though I fight against it continuously, I find it impossible under conditions like to-day not to indulge in some thoughts of *success* as I tramp along, and I get so impatient I do not want to stop at the igloos but keep right on and on. At night I can hardly sleep waiting for the dogs to get rested sufficiently to start again. Then I think, what will be the effect if some insuperable obstacle, open water, absolutely impossible ice, or an enormous fall of snow knock me out now when everything looks so encouraging? Will it break my heart, or will it simply numb me into insensibility? and then I think, what 's the odds, in two months at the longest the agony will be over, and I shall know one way or the other, and then whichever way it turns out, before the leaves fall I shall be back on Eagle Island again, going over the well-known places with Jo [Mrs. Peary], and the children, and listening to the birds, the wind in the trees, and the sound of lapping waves (do such things really exist on this frozen planet?).

MUST THE "ROOSEVELT" BE ABANDONED?

Our Christmas festivities had a somewhat startling and entirely unexpected ending. After

dinner I paced the ice-foot for a couple of hours, busy with the crowding thoughts which my letters and presents had brought to me. Returning to my room I sat down to listen to the graphophone which the doctor had started in the neighbouring mess room. A little later the ice began cracking and groaning, and in a moment or two it was evident to me that there was a new note in its complaint, entirely different from the usual accompaniment of the running of the spring tides. I stepped out upon the quarter-deck and could not only hear but feel the ice humming and cracking, not loudly but viciously under intense pressure. I called the captain, stepped inside to put on my coat, extinguished my fire and the one in the adjoining workroom with a dipper of water, blew out my lamp, and passed forward through the house to the main deck.

When I reached there the ice had separated from the ice-foot, and the heavy floe which had squeezed us last September was moving off carrying with it our starboard ice-wall and leaving the starboard side of the ship completely exposed, with the black water lapping against the planking.

In a surprisingly short time the ice had disappeared completely in the inky darkness, and the black water stretched apparently limitless, giving back the image of every star. There was no cause for instant apprehension, the trouble would come when the ice came back

with the turn of the tide, with nothing between the ship and it to break its momentum or cushion its blow.

The Eskimos were running about in great excitement, bringing up their children and household goods from the 'tweendecks; and not caring to have a lot of women and children to fall over in case of trouble, I had the stove in the big box house fired up and sent them all ashore to shelter their bedding and clothing. One of the crew and one of the Eskimo men who were temporarily on the sick list were likewise sent ashore.

Then accompanied by the captain I made a careful tour of inspection of and about the ship, pointing out the possibilities of our position, and indicating what should be done to provide as far as possible against all contingencies. A full watch was kept on and everyone else turned in with their clothes on. The following day men and officers and Eskimos were busy running out all available lines from the port bow, quarter, and amidships, and also from the mastheads.

The weather continued clear and the temperatures very moderate. The evening flood-tide caused a great deal of movement and noise all about us, but brought no direct pressure upon the ship.

I had no fears that the *Roosevelt* would be crushed by any onset of the ice, but I did apprehend that she might be forced bodily up on to the ice-foot, thrown on her beam ends and

pushed so far inshore that it would be impossible to float her another season. Another possibility was that a particularly violent gale, such as might occur at any time, would tear us from our moorings and carry us out into the moving pack, in which event there would not be one chance in a hundred of our being able to get the ship back to her present position again.

On the morning of the 28th a gust of south wind blowing through the ventilator holes in my stateroom door woke me and I went on deck immediately. It was then very clear, with the wind light and baffling from every quarter, evidently gathering its forces. At 5 A. M. it came on with a rush from the south, and increased in fury until nothing could be heard above its roar, and the ship was completely submerged in a blinding cataract of snow. In a short time a piece of ice on our starboard quarter began groaning and grinding against the ship's side. Fearing it might break loose and, in the event that our propeller and rudder post were frozen into it, tear our stern from its moorings, every piece of line that could be found was run out from the port quarter and made fast to the ice-foot. As in all of these gales the temperature was comparatively high, being in this instance from seven to fourteen degrees above zero. Otherwise the work would have been extremely trying and even dangerous. One of the crew stumbling in a crack a few yards from the ship lost his bearings and after some time brought

up at the box houses on the shore. Some of the Eskimos coming from the box houses to the ship lost their way and groped for some time before they got their bearings. At noon the wind had moderated and our stream anchor was attached to the end of the port chain cable, placed in a hole dug for it in the ice-foot behind a large grounded floe-berg, and then frozen in.

A VEXATIOUS DELAY

The wind and snow continued all night of the 6th April, and the forenoon of the 7th, then the sun broke through and showed that it was no longer snowing, though the wind continued unabated accompanied by a furious and blinding drift.

On this date Nansen reached his highest, and but for the accursed lead (channel) I should now have been ahead of him. As it was I was behind him and stalled again. Came on thick again during the night and continued blowing and drifting without abatement. It seemed as if it *must* clear off some time, but as yet there were no signs of it.

The wind continued its infernal howling past the igloo [Eskimo hut] and among the pinnacles of the rafter close by all night. I was so comfortable physically, however (barring my stumps, which were always cold when I was not walking, and sometimes even then), that there was nothing to distract me from its hell-born music, or keep me from thinking of the unbearable

delay. It seemed as if I had been here a month. The wind which had been a little south of true west swung more to the south, the drift was less dense, as if the bulk of the snow were packed, and I fancied there was less weight in the wind in the evening. I hoped to God it would clear soon. I was curious also to see if the continued blow had materially changed our position to the east. There had been no detectable disturbance in the ice since the morning of the 6th. This could be accounted for in two ways; one that the ice was already jammed to the eastward, and the old floes too heavy (and with no young ice between) to permit any compacting or shutting up; the other that the central pack (detached from the land ice along the big lead) was moving eastward as one mass. I could not help thinking that in the latter case, the differences of wind pressure and water resistance of the different floes would cause more or less motion among them, or at least cause strains that would be more pronounced. It would be surprising if the "Hudson" was not wide open now, and I hoped Marvin and Clark were across it with their supplies, and the former near enough to overtake me in a march or two from ere. If the "Hudson" was open, and they the other side of it, it would necessitate a decided modification of my plans, for the season was too late now for me to wait for them to come up. I must push on with what I had here, and take the chances of good going, long marches, and the

certainty of eating dog again before I got back to land.

NEAREST THE POLE AT LAST

April 18, 1906.— What contrasts this country affords! Yesterday hell, to-day comparative heaven, yet not such heaven as most would voluntarily choose. The wind died down during the night; this morning the position of the sun was fairly discernible. Started early and no serious trouble was experienced in crossing the lead as I had expected. Very rough going at first through rafters and big drifts, then very decent for the remainder of the march.

This was the first entirely calm day since leaving the big lead. Clear except for cirro strata running east and west. We crossed much one season's ice, and some only a few days old. No old floes. Travelled ten hours. We must be close to Abruzzi's highest now.

During this march the dogs were much excited at one time by the scent of something to windward, and for three or four miles struck such a pace that I found it difficult to keep ahead of them even by running, so stepped one side and let them pass. At the time I thought it might possibly be a bear and was strongly tempted to go in pursuit. Later I was very glad that I did not, as the scent noticed by the dogs was undoubtedly from a seal in an open lead.

As we advanced the character of the ice im-

proved, the floes became apparently larger and the rafters more infrequent, but the cracks and narrow leads increased and were nearly all active. These cracks were uniformly at right angles to our course, and the ice on the northern side was moving more rapidly eastward than that on the southern. Our pace was heart-breaking, particularly so as we were on scant rations.

As dogs gave out, unable to keep the pace, they were fed to the others. April 20th we came into a region of open leads, trending nearly north and south, and the ice motion became more pronounced. Hurrying on between these leads a forced march was made. Then we slept a few hours, and starting again soon after midnight, pushed on till a little before noon of the 21st.

I should have liked to leave everything at this camp and push on for the one march with one empty sledge and one or two companions, but I did not dare to do this owing to the condition of the ice, and was glad as we advanced that I had not attempted it. I do not know if any of my Eskimos would have remained behind. In this last spurt we crossed fourteen cracks and narrow leads, which almost without exception were in motion.

When my observations were taken and rapidly figured, they showed that we had reached 87° 6′ north latitude, and had at last beaten the record, for which I thanked God

with as good a grace as possible, though I felt that the mere beating of the record was but an empty bauble compared with the splendid jewel on which I had set my heart for years, and for which, on this expedition, I had almost literally been straining my life out.

It is perhaps an interesting illustration of the uncertainty or complexity of human nature that my feelings at this time were anything but the feelings of exultation which it might be supposed that I should have. As a matter of fact, they were just the reverse, and my bitter disappointment combined perhaps with a certain degree of physical exhaustion from our killing pace on scant rations, gave me the deepest fit of the blues that I experienced during the entire expedition.

As can perhaps be imagined, I was more than anxious to keep on, but as I looked at the drawn faces of my comrades, at the skeleton figures of my few remaining dogs, at my nearly empty sledges, and remembered the drifting ice over which we had come and the unknown quantity of the "big lead" between us and the nearest land, I felt that I had cut the margin as narrow as could reasonably be expected. I told my men we should turn back from here.

My flags were flung out from the summit of the highest pinnacle near us, and a hundred feet or so beyond this I left a bottle containing a brief record and a piece of the silk flag which

six years before I had carried around the northern end of Greenland.

Then we started to return to our last igloo, making no camp here.

[Three years later the "splendid jewel on which he had set his heart for years" was to be achieved: he reached the top of the world, the North Pole. The material that follows is taken from his book, "The North Pole," and is reprinted with the kind permission of the publishers, F. A. Stokes Company.]

WE REACH THE POLE*

THE last march northward ended at ten o'clock on the forenoon of April 6 [1909]. I had now made the five marches planned from the point at which Bartlett turned back, and my reckoning showed that we were in the immediate neighborhood of the goal of all our striving. After the usual arrangements for going into camp, at approximate local noon, of the Columbia meridian, I made the first observation at our polar camp. It indicated our position as 89° 57′

We were now at the end of the last long march of the upward journey. Yet with the Pole actually in sight I was too weary to take the last few steps. The accumulated weariness of all those days and nights of forced marches and insufficient sleep, constant peril and anxiety, seemed to roll across me all at once. I was actually too exhausted to realize at the moment that my life's purpose had been achieved. As soon as our

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igloos had been completed and we had eaten our dinner and double-rationed the dogs, I turned in for a few hours of absolutely necessary sleep, Henson and the Eskimos having unloaded the sledges and got them in readiness for such repairs as were necessary. But, weary though I was, I could not sleep long. It was, therefore, only a few hours later when I woke. The first thing I did after awaking was to write these words in my diary: "The Pole at last. The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It seems all so simple and commonplace."

Everything was in readiness for an observation at 6 P. M., Columbia meridian time, in case the sky should be clear, but at that hour it was, unfortunately, still overcast. But as there were indications that it would clear before long, two of the Eskimos and myself made ready a light sledge carrying only the instruments, a tin of pemmican, and one or two skins; and drawn by a double team of dogs, we pushed on an estimated distance of ten miles. While we travelled, the sky cleared, and at the end of the journey, I was able to get a satisfactory series of observations at Columbia meridian midnight. These observations indicated that our position was then beyond the Pole.

Nearly everything in the circumstances which then surrounded us seemed too strange to be thoroughly realized; but one of the strangest of these circumstances seemed to me to be the fact that, in a march of only a few hours, I had passed

from the western to the eastern hemisphere and had verified my position at the summit of the world. It was hard to realize that, in the first miles of this brief march, we had been travelling due north, while, on the last few miles of the same march, we had been travelling south, although we had all the time been travelling precisely in the same direction. It would be difficult to imagine a better illustration of the fact that most things are relative. Again, please consider the uncommon circumstance that, in order to return to our camp, it now became necessary to turn and go north again for a few miles and then to go directly south, all the time travelling in the same direction.

As we passed back along that trail which none had ever seen before or would ever see again, certain reflections intruded themselves which, I think, may fairly be called unique. East, west, and north had disappeared for us. Only one direction remained and that was south. Every breeze which could possibly blow upon us, no matter from what point of the horizon, must be a south wind. Where we were, one day and one night constituted a year, a hundred such days and nights a century. Had we stood in that spot during the six months of the arctic winter night we should have seen every star of the northern hemisphere circling the sky at the same distance from the horizon, with Polaris (the North Star) practically in the zenith.

All during our march back to camp the sun was

swinging around in its ever-moving circle. At six o'clock on the morning of April 7, having again arrived at Camp Jesup, I took another series of observations. These indicated our positions as being four or five miles from the Pole, towards Bering Strait. Therefore, with a double team of dogs and a light sledge, I travelled directly towards the sun an estimated distance of eight miles. Again I returned to the camp in time for a final and completely satisfactory series of observations on April 7 at noon Columbia meridian time. These observations gave results essentially the same as those made at the same spot twenty-four hours before.

I had now taken in all thirteen single, or six and one-half double, altitudes of the sun, at two different stations, in three different directions, at four different times. All were under satisfactory conditions, except for the first single altitude on the sixth. The temperature during these observations had been from minus 11 Fahrenheit to minus 30 Fahrenheit, with clear sky and calm weather (except as already noted for the single observation on the sixth.)

[Facsimile of observations as given omitted.]

In traversing the ice in these various directions as I had done, I had allowed approximately ten miles for possible errors in my observations, and at the same moment during these marches and counter-marches, I had passed over or very near the point where north and south and east and west blend into one.

Of course there were some more or less informal ceremonies connected with our arrival at our difficult destination, but they were not of a very elaborate character.

We planted five flags at the top of the world. The first one was a silk American flag which Mrs. Peary gave me fifteen years ago. That flag has done more travelling in high latitudes than any other ever made. I carried it wrapped about my body on every one of my expeditions northward after it came into my possession, and I left a fragment of it at each of my successive "farthest norths": Cape Morris K. Jesup, the northernmost point of land in the known world; Cape Thomas Hubbard, the northernmost point of Jesup Land, west of Grant Land; Cape Columbia, the northernmost point of North American lands; and my farthest north in 1906, latitude 87° 6′ in the ice of the polar sea—therefore it was somewhat worn and discolored.

A broad diagonal section of this ensign would now mark the farthest goal of earth—the place where I and my dusky companions stood.

It was also considered appropriate to raise the colors of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, in which I was initiated a member while an undergraduate student of Bowdoin College, the "World's Ensign of Liberty and Peace," with its red, white, and blue in a field of white, the Navy League flag, and the Red Cross flag.

After I had planted the American flag in the ice, I told Henson to time the Eskimos for three rous-

ing cheers, which they gave with the greatest enthusiasm. Thereupon, I shook hands with each member of the party—surely a sufficiently unceremonious affair to meet with the approval of the most democratic. The Eskimos were childishly delighted with our success. While, of course, they did not realize its importance fully, or its world-wide significance, they did understand that it meant the final achievement of a task upon which they had seen me engaged for many years.

Then, in a space between the ice blocks of a pressure ridge, I deposited a glass bottle containing a diagonal strip of my flag and records of which the following is a copy:

90. N. Lat., North Pole.
April 6, 1909.

Arrived here to-day, 27 marches from Cape Columbia. I have with me 5 men, Matthew Henson, colored; Ootah, Egingwah, Seegloo, and Ookeah, Eskimos; 5 sledges and 38 dogs. My ship, the S. S. *Roosevelt*, is in winter quarters at C. Sheridan, 90 miles east of Columbia.

The expedition under my command which has succeeded in reaching the Pole is under the auspices of the Peary Arctic Club of New York City, and has been fitted out and sent north by the members and friends of the Club for the purpose of securing this geographical prize, if possible, for the honor and prestige of the United States of America.

The officers of the Club are Thomas H. Hubbard, of New York, President; Zenas Crane, of Massachusetts, Vice President; Herbert L. Bridgman, of New York, Secretary and Treasurer.

I start back for Cape Columbia to-morrow.

ROBERT E PEARY,
UNITED STATES NAVY.

90. N. Lat., North Pole,
April 6, 1909.

I have to-day hoisted the national ensign of the United States of America at this place, which my observations indicate to be the North Polar axis of the earth, and have formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of the President of the United States of America.

I leave this record and United States flag in possession.

ROBERT E. PEARY,
UNITED STATES NAVY.

ROALD AMUNDSEN

AT THE SOUTH POLE*

[Captain Roald Amundsen was the leader of the Norwegian Polar Expedition which reached the South Pole in 1911. He was born in Borje, Norway, in 1872, and after receiving a public school education became a sailor. Upon the return of the *Belgica* Antarctic Expedition (1897-9) he organized an expedition for the discovery of the Northwest Passage and the location of the magnetic pole. In the schooner *Gjöa*, in which he sailed from Christiania on June 16, 1903, he located the magnetic pole near the Boothia Peninsula, the extreme north end of the North American continent, and was the first person to make the passage from Europe to Alaska, reaching Fort Egbert, Alaska, in December, 1905. In 1910, Captain Amundsen set out for the Antarctic, and during 1911 preparations were made for the dash to the South Pole. He started, with four others, on October 19th. The Pole was reached on December 14th.

The extract following is reprinted from Captain Amundsen's book, "The South Pole," through the courtesy of the publisher, John Murray, of London.]

On the morning of December 14 the weather was of the finest, just as if it had been made for arriving at the Pole. I am not quite sure, but I believe we despatched our breakfast rather more quickly than usual and were out of the tent sooner, though I must admit that we always accomplished this with all reasonable haste. We went in the usual order—the forerunner, Hanssen, Wisting, Bjaaland, and the reserve forerunner. By noon we had reached

*Reprinted from "The South Pole," by Roald Amundsen, copyrighted by John Murray of London.

89° 53′ by dead reckoning, and made ready to take the rest in one stage. At 10 a. m. a light breeze had sprung up from the southeast, and it had clouded over, so that we got no noon altitude; but the clouds were not thick, and from time to time we had a glimpse of the sun through them. The going on that day was rather different from what it had been; sometimes the ski went over it well, but at others it was pretty bad. We advanced that day in the same mechanical way as before; not much was said, but eyes were used all the more. Hanssen's neck grew twice as long as before in his endeavour to see a few inches farther. I had asked him before we started to spy out ahead for all he was worth, and he did so with a vengeance. But, however keenly he stared, he could not descry anything but the endless flat plain ahead of us. The dogs had dropped their scenting, and appeared to have lost their interest in the regions about the earth's axis.

At three in the afternoon a simultaneous "Halt!" rang out from the drivers. They had carefully examined their sledge-meters, and they all showed the full distance—our Pole by reckoning. The goal was reached, the journey ended. I cannot say —though I know it would sound much more effective—that the object of my life was attained. That would be romancing rather too barefacedly. I had better be honest and admit straight out that I have never known any man to be placed in such a diametrically opposite position to the goal of his desires as I was at that moment. The regions

around the North Pole—well, yes, the North Pole itself—had attracted me from childhood, and here I was at the South Pole. Can anything more topsy-turvy be imagined?

We reckoned now that we were at the Pole. Of course, every one of us knew that we were not standing on the absolute spot; it would be an impossibility with the time and the instruments at our disposal to ascertain that exact spot. But we were so near it that the few miles which possibly separated us from it could not be of the slightest importance. It was our intention to make a circle round this camp, with a radius of twelve and a half miles (20 kilometres), and to be satisfied with that. After we had halted we collected and congratulated each other. We had good grounds for mutual respect in what had been achieved, and I think that was just the feeling that was expressed in the firm and powerful grasps of the fist that were exchanged. After this we proceeded to the greatest and most solemn act of the whole journey —the planting of our flag. Pride and affection shone in the five pairs of eyes that gazed upon the flag, as it unfurled itself with a sharp crack, and waved over the Pole. I had determined that the act of planting it—the historic event—should be equally divided among us all. It was not for one man to do this; it was for *all* who had staked their lives in the struggle, and held together through thick and thin. This was the only way in which I could show my gratitude to my comrades in this desolate spot. I could see that they understood

and accepted it in the spirit in which it was offered. Five weather-beaten, frost-bitten fists they were that grasped the pole, raised the waving flag in the air, and planted it as the first at the geographical South Pole. "Thus we plant thee, beloved flag, at the South Pole, and give to the plain on which it lies the name of King Haakon VII.'s Plateau." That moment will certainly be remembered by all of us who stood there.

One gets out of the way of protracted ceremonies in those regions—the shorter they are the better. Everyday life began again at once. When we had got the tent up, Hanssen set about slaughtering Helge, and it was hard for him to have to part from his best friend. Helge had been an uncommonly useful and good-natured dog; without making any fuss he had pulled from morning to night, and had been a shining example to the team. But during the last week he had quite fallen away, and on our arrival at the Pole there was only a shadow of the old Helge left. He was only a drag on the others, and did absolutely no work. One blow on the skull, and Helge had ceased to live. "What is death to one is food to another," is a saying that can scarcely find a better application than these dog meals. Helge was portioned out on the spot, and within a couple of hours there was nothing left of him but his teeth and the tuft at the end of his tail. This was the second of our eighteen dogs that we had lost. The Major, one of Wisting's fine dogs, left us in 88° 25′ S., and never returned. He was fearfully worn out, and

must have gone away to die. We now had sixteen dogs left, and these we intended to divide into two equal teams, leaving Bjaaland's sledge behind.

Of course, there was a festivity in the tent that evening—not that champagne corks were popping and wine flowing—no, we contented ourselves with a little piece of seal meat each, and it tasted well and did us good. There was no other sign of festival indoors. Outside we heard the flag flapping in the breeze. Conversation was lively in the tent that evening, and we talked of many things. Perhaps, too, our thoughts sent messages home of what we had done.

ROBERT FALCON SCOTT

[On June 1, 1910, Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R. N., C. V. O., commanding the *Terra Nova*, left London for a second attempt to reach the South Pole. It was apparently a splendidly equipped expedition, though, as it turned out, the use of ponies as partial transport over the ice proved of doubtful value, dogs still being the most reliable means of hauling sledges. Captain Scott's journey to the Pole was up through the storm-breeding funnel of the Beardmore glacier, and while Amundsen's expedition only several hundred miles to the east was having little trouble from the weather, Scott and his party were being delayed days at a time by terrific blizzards which so seriously weakened both sledge animals and men that it undoubtedly had much to do with the final catastrophe. Scott and his picked men reached the Pole only to find that Amundsen had been there first, and saddened by this disappointment he and his men started on the return journey, and almost from the first fate dealt them one blow after another, but they struggled on to as heroic an end as history has ever chronicled. A wireless message from the returning *Terra Nova* on February 10, 1913, conveyed the sad news that Captain Scott and his four comrades had perished. The dramatic story of the last days from Scott's own diary is here given.

The entire account of the expedition is entitled "Scott's Last Expedition,* the extracts from which are reprinted with the kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.]

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LAST STRUGGLE

Saturday, March 10. Things steadily downhill. Oates' foot worse. He has rare pluck and must know that he can never get through. He asked Wilson if he had a chance this morning, and

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of course Bill had to say he didn't know. In point of fact he has none. Apart from him, if he went under now, I doubt whether we could get through. With great care we might have a dog's chance, but no more. The weather conditions are awful, and our gear gets steadily more icy and difficult to manage. At the same time of course poor Titus is the greatest handicap. He keeps us waiting in the morning until we have partly lost the warming effect of our good breakfast, when the only wise policy is to be up and away at once; again at lunch. Poor chap! it is too pathetic to watch him; one cannot but try to cheer him up.

Yesterday we marched up the depot, Mt. Hooper. Cold comfort. Shortage on our allowance all around. I don't know that any one is to blame. The dogs which would have been our salvation have evidently failed. Meares had a bad trip home I suppose.

This morning it was calm when we breakfasted, but the wind came from the W.N.W. as we broke camp. It rapidly grew in strength. After travelling for half an hour I saw that none of us could go on facing such conditions. We were forced to camp and are spending the rest of the day in a comfortless blizzard camp, wind quite foul.

Sunday, March 11. Titus Oates is very near the end, one feels. What we or he will do, God only knows. We discussed the matter after breakfast; he is a brave fine fellow and understands the situation, but he practically asked for advice. Nothing could be said but to urge him to march

as long as he could. One satisfactory result to the discussion; I practically ordered Wilson to hand over the means of ending our troubles to us, so that any one of us may know how to do so. Wilson had no choice between doing so and our ransacking the medicine case. We have 30 opium tabloids apiece and he is left with a tube of morphine. So far the tragical side of our story.

The sky completely overcast when we started this morning. We could see nothing, lost the tracks, and doubtless have been swaying a good deal since—3.1 miles for the forenoon—terribly heavy dragging—expected it. Know that 6 miles is about the limit of our endurance now, if we get no help from wind or surfaces. We have 7 days' food and should be about 55 miles from One Ton Camp to-night, 6x7 = 42, leaving us 13 miles short of our distance, even if things get no worse. Meanwhile the season rapidly advances.

Monday, March 12. We did 6.9 miles yesterday, under our necessary average. Things are left much the same, Oates not pulling much, and now with hands as well as feet pretty well useless. We did 4 miles this morning in 4 hours 20 min.—we may hope for 3 this afternoon, 7x6 = 42. We shall be 47 miles from the depot. I doubt if we can possibly do it. The surface remains awful, the cold intense, and our physical condition running down. God help us! Not a breath of favourable wind for more than a week, and apparently liable to head winds at any moment.

Wednesday, March 14. No doubt about the

going down-hill, but everything going wrong for us. Yesterday we woke to a strong northerly wind with temp.—37. Couldn't face it, so remained in camp(R.54) till 2, then did 5¼ miles. Wanted to march later, but party feeling the cold badly as the breeze (N.) never took off entirely, and as the sun sank the temp. fell. Long time getting supper in the dark. (R.55.)

This morning started with southerly breeze, set sail and passed another cairn at good speed; halfway, however, the wind shifted to W. by S. or W.S.W., blew through our wind clothes and into our mits. Poor Wilson horribly cold, could not get off ski for some time. Bowers and I practically made camp, and when we got into the tent at last we were all deadly cold. The temp. now midday down—43 and the wind strong. We *must* go on, but now the making of every camp must be more difficult and dangerous. It must be near the end, but a pretty merciful end. Poor Oates got it again in the foot. I shudder to think what it will be like to-morrow. It is only with the greatest pains rest of us keep off frostbites. No idea there could be temperatures like this at this time of year with such winds. Truly awful outside the tent. Must fight it out to the last biscuit, but can't reduce rations.

Friday, March 16 *or Saturday* 17. Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag.

That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his mother, but immediately before, he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, "I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last.—We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

I can only write at lunch and then only occasionally. The cold is intense, – 40 at midday. My companions are unendingly cheerful, but we are all on the verge of serious frostbites, and though we constantly talk of fetching through I don't think any one of us believes it in his heart.

We are cold on the march now, and at all times except meals. Yesterday we had to lay up for a blizzard and to-day we move dreadfully slowly. We are at No. 14 pony camp, only two pony marches from One Ton Depot. We leave here our theodolites, a camera, and Oates' sleeping-bags. Diaries, etc., and geological specimens carried at Wilson's special request will be found with us or on our sledge.

Sunday, March 18.—To-day, lunch, we are 21 miles from the depot. Ill fortune presses, but better may come. We have had more wind and drift from ahead yesterday; had to stop marching; wind N W. force 4, temp. −35. No human being could face it, and we are worn out nearly.

My right foot has gone, nearly all the toes—two days ago I was proud possessor of best feet. These are the steps of my downfall. Like an ass I mixed a small spoonful of curry powder with my melted pemmican—it gave me violent indigestion. I lay awake and in pain all night; woke and felt done on the march; foot went and I didn't know it. A very small measure of neglect and have a foot which is not pleasant to contemplate. Bowers takes first place in condition, but there is not much to choose, after all. The others are still confident of getting through—or pretending to be—I don't know! We have the last half fill of oil in our primus and a very small quantity of spirit—this alone between us and thirst. The wind is fair for the moment, and that is perhaps a fact to help. The mileage would have seemed ridiculously small on our outward journey.

Monday, March 19.—Lunch. We camped with difficulty last night, and were dreadfully cold till after our supper of cold pemmican and biscuit and half a pannikin of cocoa cooked over the spirit. Then, contrary to expectation, we got warm and all slept well. To-day we started in the usual dragging manner. Sledge dreadfully heavy. We are 15½ miles from the depot and ought to be there in three days. What progress! We have two days' food but barely a day's fuel. All our feet are getting bad—Wilson's best, my right foot worst, left all right. There is no chance to nurse one's feet till we can get hot food into us. Amputation is the least I can hope for now, but will the trouble spread? That is the serious question. The weather doesn't give us a chance—the wind from the N. to N. W. and −40 temp. to-day.

Wednesday, March 21.—Got within 11 miles of depot Monday night; had to lay up all day yesterday in severe blizzard. To-day forlorn hope. Wilson and Bowers going to depot for fuel.

Thursday, March 22 *and* 23.—Blizzard bad as ever—Wilson and Bowers unable to start—to-morrow last chance—no fuel and only one or two(?) of food left—must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural—we shall march for the depot with or without our effects and die in our tracks.

Thursday, March 29.—Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W., and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles

away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.

It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. Scott.

For God's sake look after our people.

Wilson and Bowers were found in the attitude of sleep, their sleeping-bags closed over their heads as they would naturally close them.

Scott died later. He had thrown back the flaps of his sleeping-bag and opened his coat. The little wallet containing the three notebooks was under his shoulders and his arm flung across Wilson. So they were found eight months later.

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